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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME III — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1926 — NUMBER 21

Notes of a Rapid Reader

THE SUN ALSO RISES. By ERNEST HEMINGWAY.

The story of a lost but lively generation, aimless, drunk, loyal, pathetic, cynical. The characters are the gilded waifs and broken strays expatriate in Paris, and the wandering narrative includes the first bull-fight in English which explains the grip of bull-fighting upon a whole nation. The people Hemingway writes of are wraiths blowing down the wind. When he comes home (he is expatriate, too), it will be interesting to see what he does with the more solid, less subtle, American scene. He is gifted.

THE PLUTOCRAT. By BOOTH TARKINGTON.

The glorification of the Middle Westerner. A skilful book in which a fuddled intellectual from New York is taught by the *esprit* of a French *mondaine* to appreciate at its Roman worth the vulgar exuberance of a millionaire executive from the Midlands. Mr. Tinker sings "Dirty Old Auntie M'riar" in the bar, rides a camel like a Carthaginian prince, snows franc notes on the natives, could reorganize the city utilities of Europe, and is afraid of his wife. Tarkington is the Howells of our day, but with a keener edge of satire. Like Howells, he loves to draw moral lessons from social types. His New York intellectuals are brittle but his Tinker is convincing, and very possibly Roman, as he says. Cleopatra, good Greek that she was, probably admired Antony for his power, picked his pockets (as everyone does Tinker's), and thought him a boob by daylight. Tarkington admires the plutocrat; Breasted (q. v.) says that the Roman variety brought ancient civilization down crashing!

THE BOOK OF MARRIAGE. By HERMAN KEYSERLING.

A remarkable symposium of the best minds, who thoroughly disagree. A sadder and a wiser man gets up from this book. God knows, the business never used to be so complicated—or perhaps so interesting!

MURDER FOR PROFIT. By WILLIAM BOLITHO.

This Cornish journalist has a philosophy of murder, which is what makes his book so provocative. He thinks that murder is just a symptom of what we rashly call normal living. Also he has a remarkable ability to follow the nerves of a story which makes his writing vivid, and marvelously informative in little room. He has a style, too, and putting aside the morbid romanticism of De Quincey's famous essay on murder as a fine art, he writes of his mass murderers with a concentrated epithet, and a breadth of thinking that makes a profound impression. This is journalism raised to literature.

A MAN COULD STAND UP. By FORD MADOX FORD.

Could stand upon a hill out of the trenches, a free man, after the war was over, is the meaning of the title and the story. The beginning and end of the book is in telegraphic impressionism which is vivid, but wearisome, since you have to put the narrative

(*Continued on page* 451)

A Dedication of Three Hats

(On being awarded in the same year a University degree and a permanent disability pension.)

By ROBERT GRAVES

THIS round hat I devote to Mars,
Tough steel with leather lined.
My skin's my own, redeemed with scars
From further yet more futile wars
The God may have in mind.

Minerva takes my square of black
Well tasselled with the same;
Her dullest nurselings never lack
With class-room precepts at their back
And letters to their name.

But this third hat, this foolscap sheet,
For there's a strength in three,
Unblemished, conical, and neat
I hang up here without deceit
To kind Euphrosyné.

Goddess, accept with smiles or tears
This gift of a gross fool
Who having sweated in death fears
With wounds and cramps for three long years
Limped back, and sat for school.

This Week

"Benjamin Franklin." Reviewed by *Phillips Russell.*

"I Am A Woman." Reviewed by *Helen Woodward.*

"In Anglo-Norman England." Reviewed by *Wallace Notestein.*

"American Glass." Reviewed by *J. B. Kerfoot.*

"Kyra Kyralina." Reveiwed by *Leon Feraru.*

"Fifty Years of Parliament." Reviewed by *Alfred E. Zimmern.*

"The Hard-Boiled Virgin." Reviewed by *Elmer Davis.*

"The Grey Coast." Reviewed by *H. W. Boynton.*

Qwertyuiop: A Shirtsleeves History.

The Bowling Green. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

"H. D." 's "Palimpsest." Reviewed by *John Gould Fletcher.*

"The Kays." Reviewed by *Lee Wilson Dodd.*

Note to Novel Readers

By ZONA GALE

TODAY the novelist is insistently asking his public to take the trouble to understand what is happening in the cultivation of his product. He is begging his public not to discriminate against him. This same public walks the streets of New York, and perceives a new architecture coming to birth—great office buildings soaring into cathedral-like towers, folds and ripples of stone, painted and lighted, hanging against the sky in black and gold. And he does not call these grotesques. He calls them America's contribution to a new world of construction. He buys at the market colossal flowers and fruits, drawn from the earth by a new magic, a new application of old magic; and he does not look on these with suspicion; but he praises them, and takes a certain credit to the race of men. He beholds his wife and daughter in curious convulsions of costu beautiful or ugly, with deleted skirts, and dele hair, and he calls them sensible. He listens to j and nods his approbation. He discards drama for the motion-picture, and he instals a radio in his home, and a victrola, and an electric player-piano. He says with complacence: "This is a wonderful age. We'll all be traveling to London for lunch, and be back in New York for dinner." And then he picks up a new novel, and he thunders: "What are they trying to do? Can't anybody write a good old-fashioned novel any more?"

* * *

Yes, many can write the old-fashioned novels. More writers can do this than ever before in the history of literature; and thousands of farmers can plow with horses, and their wives can carry water from the spring, and clean kerosene lamps, and the family can ride to town in a lumber wagon. But there are writers who have joined the company of the experimenters with electricity, and the human voice, of the plant-wizards, and the architects in new forms, and these writers are experimenting with expression, with interpretation, with human material and with style and diction. They are saying: "We, too, see more than they have seen before, we, too, know that there are ways to present the phenomena of life which have never before been presented or interpreted. As others are experimenting with stone and machinery and color and light, we are experimenting with words. Don't ask us to go back. Try to understand us."

It's something of a task, I admit. Before some of the new novels, one feels as a novice feels before a radio box. But he trusts the machine no matter how powerful is the static or how guttural the response. He knows that a new principle is in process of exposition, that all these stutterings and roarings and sudden clarities of sound are factors in an unfolding force. And a novel written by one of the increasing groups in Europe and America who are feeling for new forms of expression, should have a like consideration, and a like expectation. There are literary splutterings and roarings, there are wrong wave lengths, and much static, but there are, too, sudden clarities and revelations of music and beauty come from far places, so that one hears folk speak and breathe in a new proximity. One does not like everything that comes from a radio. A good deal comes out that bores one, or that one

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does not understand. All the same, in the novel world as in the radio world, new principles are in process of formation.

What are some of the new excursions of the novel? We may disregard content as being the author's own concern, as "subject" is the concern of any artist, and of no one else. This he will select to express whatever he has to say, or he is lost. The necessity of the reader is to consider aspects of technique alone, since technique is the language of the novel, as of any art, and upon familiarity with such language depends divination of that which any art is expressing. One experiment in method which interests me personally is an effort to revise the aspect of a printed page of conversation, for wise reasons. The "good old-fashioned novel," and many modern novels, will present such a page in this fashion:

A shabby man with an evil face walked and smoked. To him Mead said:

"How are you?"

At the man's surprised look Mead added:

"Don't I know you? Haven't I seen you before?"

The man didn't think so, and Mead persisted:

"You look like someone whom I haven't seen for a long time."

He stared at the tramp, the muddy child, the people raucously talking.

The tramp asked curiously: "Stranger here, are you?"

Mead now said with surprise: "It looks here as it used to look," and added: "I thought it looked better."

The tramp said that time did tell on a place.

"Eleven or twelve years ago," Mead said earnestly, "it looked like this. Then it got better."

The man said that there had been a good many improvements.

Mead cried: "That's not it!" and nodded, and went on.

He kept looking about as if the place bore an aspect which he had not expected, as if his eleven years of slow acceptance drew away like a curtain, and here, naked on the streets, were scenes to which he bore no remembered relationship.

For a long time it has seemed to me that this apportionment of a line of good print paper for every one of these questions and replies is an absurdity. Even "No" and "Yes" and "Perhaps" must have a line to themselves if they are represented as spoken aloud. This is a convention with nothing back of it but the authority of custom, and the fact that this presentation may make easier reading for the eye; may "economize the interpreting power of the reader," for which Herbert Spencer pleaded. This economy may be true for the eye, may even make for lax attention in the reader, but not so for the ear, which must keep at attention in order to understand who is speaking. Why not then, other economies of attention and of space, by a condensation such as this:

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A shabby man with an evil face walked and smoked. To him Mead said: "How are you?" and at the man's surprised look: "Don't I know you? Haven't I seen you before?" The man didn't think so. "You look," Mead persisted, "like someone whom I haven't seen for a long time." He stared at the tramp, the muddy child, the people raucously talking. When the man asked curiously, "Stranger here, are you?" Mead said with surprise: "It looks as it used to look." And again: "Eleven or twelve years ago," Mead said earnestly, "it used to look like this. Then it got better." The man said that there *had* been a good many improvements, but Mead said: "That's not it!" and nodded, and went on. He kept looking about him as if the place bore an aspect which he had not expected, as if his eleven years of slow acceptance drew away like a curtain and here, naked on the streets, were people and scenes to which he bore no remembered relationship.

This second presentment of text, six and one-half lines shorter than the first, but a smooth integration of talk within narrative, combines the two in a flow, a compactness, a unity which the broken jarred ragged sentences of the former cannot achieve. But no printer will consent to this. "Makes a difficult page," they say—in agreement with Alice, who wanted pictures and conversation. The old idea was that the "broken page" attracts the eye; an adaptation, that is, to the powers of the childish eye, which must needs be attracted. The first time that I sent a book manuscript to the printer using this manner, the proofs were returned to me with all my "mistakes" carefully corrected—every line of conversation set off by itself in the approved fashion. I hadn't the heart to change it, and it appeared in the old way. Meanwhile I had discovered Marcel Proust's "Within a Budding Grove," in which this presentation is used, for which I had not known that there was a precedent; and being able to point to a precedent, and such an one, and later to other precedents, this method was accepted thereafter without question. The obvious advantage is that thus, when one has something of dramatic or illuminative or anticipatory moment to say, there is ready to one's hand a dramatic way of presentation, namely, by setting off every such sentence in a line by itself. But if for pages every "yes" and "no" and "perhaps" has been thus set off, no such means of enhancement is possible. And, of course, there are times when a "yes" or a "no" holds the most dramatic implication; and then the line becomes an explicative thing in itself.

So when a "solid" page presents itself, thus, to the reader of a new novel, he should not, if he is reading intelligently, merely skip, or restlessly turn the leaves looking for a broken spot; but he should see that here is a flow of narrative-and-talk, integrated for a reason, with an effect quite different from the old give and take, line by line, all down the page, without regard to the importance of what is thus represented.

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Paragraphing without regard to the importance, the stress, the *quantity* of the content of the paragraph is another instrument destined to rust away from the fictionist in favor of a brighter tool. A paragraph is not a milestone—it is a bridge. It is not a bridge—it is a stream. It is not a stream—it is a series of little lakes through which a stream passes, and one must not lose the stream in favor of the enchantment of the separate lakes, nor above all must the lakes be uniform in *anything*. The whole field of paragraphing is undergoing a gentle revolution. The simple old way was the newspaper way: Introduce a subject, say all that you have to say about it, leave it, and begin another paragraph. This division is comparable to the stanza of iambic pentameter of some simple verse form, now discarded for the infinitely fluid form which uses lines to flow, or to float, or to obstruct, or to dove-tail, or to point, to pause, to catch the breath, to drag out an emphasis—to do a thousand orchestral things. And it is this which a paragraph may do. For example a paragraph in fiction need not wait until it has finished with a division of the subject before it ends. No—if there is a sentence which it wishes to stand out like the crack of a substance, crack!—breaks the paragraph, and starts again. Or if there is an implication—something sensitive, delicate, infinitely aware, in a sentence which may be lost in the middle of a paragraph, once more perhaps with a useful pennon of dots, the paragraph quite exquisitely ends. And the next paragraph takes up the subject. Thus the paragraph is modified to the text and not the text to the paragraph.

This was the room in which he and Laura and Ronald as children used to tiptoe about, examining articles. The room had always been cool—cool and cross, he used to think that the room was cross. The three would stand it as long as possible, then leave and whoop and slide down the balustrade. It was here that he had seen Laura, just back from Switzerland. . . .

She had stood in that doorway, in thin white, with painted flowers, and everything had followed.

It may well be that the tendency will be away from paragraphing even for such a purpose, and toward the deletion of paragraphs, as being props to an intelligence able now to go along without such assistance. The paragraph is but an extension of the disappearing devices of hyphens for little spellers, ruled paper for little writers, and illustrations in novels for the unimaginative. The solid page is the adult and rational physiognomy.

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Therefore, quotation marks present another field for modification. The conventional usage is, may one not say, tautological—since when the text specifically indicates that a character speaks as follows, thereupon are set quotation marks to impress the fact that he is speaking. This custom is for the appeal to the eye only, and certainly is not essential—for if it were, to read aloud without indicating "quote" and "quote," as in a telegram, would leave the reader in the dark; and no such darkness, in reading aloud, ever descends. For example:

Helen asked: "Are you going?"
Roy replied: "Not yet."
Then the family clamored: Olive crying "Oh, don't go at all," and Margaret beseeching: "Take me," and even little Polly cried: "What will you bring me?" But the grandmother said placidly: "I knew he wouldn't stir."

What purpose of clarification is served by the setting of quotation marks about any of these sentences? The utterances of Helen, Roy, Olive, Margaret, little Polly and the grandmother are, both to eye and to ear, quite as insistently defined if no quotation mark is used. Combining the "running in," in the method earlier indicated, with an elision of quotation marks, we should have:

Helen asked, Are you going? And Roy replied, Not yet; on which the family clamored, Olive crying, Oh, don't go at all; and Margaret beseeching, Take me; and even little Polly chiming in with, What will you bring me? But the grandmother said placidly, I knew he wouldn't stir.

This is clear again to both ear and eye; is a flowing narrative, with the talk integrated, is economical, and, one might think, not uninteresting. But it is necessary to rid oneself of the claim of custom before one can regard such simplicity with sympathy, and be concerned not with the standardized text of the page, but with an orchestration of all possible effects.

In this general accomplishment it is not only the type-setter who will suffer eclipse—it is the author himself. He finds himself compelled to modify his omniscience. He will no longer enter at first one head, and then another of his helpless creations: He may enter the consciousness of but one of his characters. From that character he will speak, with that one he will see and hear all the other characters, and discern action, and make deduction, and dream, hope, struggle, triumph, live. So that we shall no longer have such a paragraph as this:

Margaret was wounded and terrified. She thought: "He hates me." But he had not an instant of compunction. He felt hatred not for her but for her duplicity. He thought: "She is utterly false." On the stone bench by the hearth her father watched, and he was thinking: "The two of them have no breath of the Almighty in their breasts."

Instead of entering at will the consciousness of all three, of Margaret, her lover, and her father, the author will select one of the three. And with whatever consciousness of the three the book begins, the book must continue. This may be as sharp a necessity as the Greek rules of unity. It is at any rate a commandment from the modern novelists' decalogue. It is true that they do not all observe this commandment, especially in their first novels. But insofar as they deviate, they sacrifice unity, clarity, energy, power—although the reader, and manifestly the writer, will not always know what may be the malady.

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It is not an easy progress to follow. It is difficult to resist the temptation to *describe* the appearance of the protagonist—but obviously this cannot be done; for he himself knows how he *feels*, and the writer may record this as faithfully as he can; but the protagonist cannot know how he at a given moment, looks. He may hear someone else tell how he looks, he may catch sight of himself in a mirror. he may see in someone's eye that he looks older or better than is his wont. But he cannot be described. And this merely enforces that which class-room English has sought to impress: That no character should ever be "described," but should emerge for the reader by act, by mood, by word of another, or at most by epithet or *motif*—the Greek recurrent word of power, used on the appearance of that one; or Wagner's way of the *leit motif*, modified to be a characteristic or a gesture or a mannerism—a device in which the Russians excel. It is amazing what the Russians can do in characterization, by mannerism. But they use description too—a sabre cut, a birthmark, a twitching. . . .

The present convention which limits the author's record to exactly what his character sees and feels,—as in Dorothy Richardson's fine experiment with Miriam—is interesting, but assuredly not an ultimate. It is not an ultimate just because the author *does* see and feel more than his character would see and feel. That in fact is why he is writing about him. He records what is seen, and thought at the level of his character's specific make-up, and that is no more than his duty. But then there is his joy. And this is to devise a means for imparting to his public, not by description or comment at all, but by some chemistry, all that prismatic area of his character's consciousness of which neither the character nor the public has a measurable intuition; but the author has this intuition or he wouldn't be an author. He is not omniscient, knowing all these areas for everybody. But he is, he must be far more sensitive to his protagonist than is that one to himself.

Allied to the modification of the author's omniscience, of his entrance into the heads and souls of all his characters at will, is the obliteration of the "author as commentator," as the bald commentator, with no power to impress his own reflections save by speaking out in his own person. If

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he does this, if he sets down his comments gratuitously, in the present tense, he may or may not preach, but in any case his offense is even more serious than is that fault of taste. It is a psychological crime. He is breaking the thread of the reader's attention to the flow of the story. He is breaking the spell, the witchery, which, presumably, he has been able to cast about the reader, breaking through this with opinions of his own bearing only a left-handed relationship to the business in hand, which is the story. Variations of this forcible method present themselves. The most simple, of course, is to put the comment in the mouth of a character. Usually when Edith Wharton wishes to say a clever ironic thing now, she employs a Sillerton Jackson to say it for her. It was in "The House of Mirth," twenty years ago, that she said someone held up her face, like an empty plate, to her partner. Now she would quote Lily Bart or another as saying this. Anatole France, in "The Red Lily," materializes some amusing character, whose name I have forgotten, to provide a medium for the reflections of the author, which are monotonously presented, quip, crank, and profundity, and yet do not tire one as do those of, shall one say, George Eliot, emitted in her *ex cathedra* fashion. Yet M. France did not escape the risk of draping a living figure with opinion alone, obviously inviting him to life for the purpose; and were it the protagonist on whom were imposed these constant expressions of attitude, this carefully guarded one would become a fearful bore. All this is a long departure from the "Dolly Dialogues," which derived their delight from the satirical flings and good-natured quips of the author himself, "in person." A reader now wearies of this recurrent cleverness from the author, but delights when he himself detects cleverness. Something similar takes place on the stage in comedy. For if a character looks out at the audience and makes a jest, it is likely to "fall flat;" but if he glances down or away, and makes his comment, then the audience *detects* the jest, and is, presumably, delighted. Indirection appears to be one of the souls of art, which has so many.

And there is a method of indirection whereby an author may introduce his own comment in safety: The protagonist may think without utterance, in indirect discourse (as we still name it), and in the past tense. Far more vital it is to know what anyone thinks than to know what he says, and it is the legitimate business of an author to detect and record the psychology of his character. If this detecting and recording are alone in "direct discourse," and in the present tense, all the perils are present; whereas in indirection and in the past tense, the effect of record is unimpaired, is sure. At this adroit use of the past tense Mr. Hergesheimer, for example, is transcendent. In "San Christobal de la Habana," quite the most charming thing that he has done—something to set beside "The Education of Henry Adams," the two as sovereign examples of the mellow and the sophisticated lifting its head in these United States, though in neither book is there a hint of preoccupation with anything mellower than the intellect alone; in "San Christobal de la Habana," Mr. Hergesheimer handles author as commentator with consummate skill, thus in the "high empty austerity" of his room:

> There was, however, another phase of beauty still, one peculiarly the property of the novelists, which had to do not with life at all but with death, with vain longings and memory and failure. All the novels which seemed to me of the first rank were constructed from these latter qualities; and while painting and music and lyrical poetry were affirmative, the novel was negative, built, where it was great, from great indignations. Yet . . . there were many passages not recognizable as great in the broadest sense, both in literature and in life, that filled me with supreme pleasure—there were pages of Turgeneiev. . . . There was a possibility that the finest-drawn sensibilities, not regarded as emotions in the grand key, would turn out to be our most highly justified preoccupation.

One has only to cast these sentences in the present tense to discern the difference between the author as unveiled commentator, and the author merely recording the reflections of himself, or of another, at a past time. The distinction has the delicacy of a thread of sound, and it is of such distinctions that art is compact.

Delicacies of distinction are not more contributary to the new inclusions in fiction than are delicacies of similarity. Especially it is interesting to trace the lines of similarity to and even of fusion with the technique of the various arts. The habits of music are perhaps most closely allied to the

(*Continued on page* 454)

Franklin the Man

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: The First Civilized American. By PHILLIPS RUSSELL. New York: Brentanos. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by CLAUDE G. BOWERS
Author of "Jefferson and Hamilton"

IT was inevitable that Benjamin Franklin should come in for his share of the humanizing of the gods demanded of an age of realism. Phillips Russell has undertaken the task and has measurably succeeded. His interest is evidently in the personality of the man rather than in his achievements as patriot, diplomat, and statesman. The result is a lively and interesting recital which falls short of presenting a full length portrait. Thus Franklin is placed on a pedestal in a white light and we see all around him, and in his pockets, but we are given no adequate picture of his times. There is no revivification of his age. We are permitted a rather intimate view of the old roué in the company of women, but not of men. We see him in moments of relaxation and amusement, but seldom in actual action. Politically the treatment of his mission to France and England is inadequate and disappointing, but delightful side lights on his

"Our Tom shall be a gent!"
From "Young Tom Hall," by Robert Smith Surtess. (Scribners.)

amusements in London and Paris are satisfying. He is presented as a mere shadow in the Constitutional Convention, and we miss the important dinner so graphically and brilliantly described by James M. Beck in his book on the history of the Constitution. All of which means that the author set out to give us an intimate, chatty story about the homely philosopher whose morals were those of his age, and was interested in the man rather than the publicist.

In revealing the man, Mr. Russell has used much material which others have refrained from using from motives of prudence or prudery, and this does him no injustice. There was no halo of impeccability about Franklin's head. His relations with women have been hinted at where Mr. Russell speaks out. And he has the records—no doubt of that. It is shown, however, that he was capable of platonic friendships, though often under protest. The brilliant Madame Brillon, whose letters are quoted, really lives in these pages, and the extent of her transgressions was to sit upon the old man's knees, and play chess with him while in her bath. The less refined Madame Helvetius, who shocked Abigail Adams by the looseness of her conduct, was one of his idolators. There was much loose talk, and holding of hands between them. But Mr. Russell leaves us with the impression that there was nothing worse. The old gallant's relations with the Countess d'Houdetot are shown to have been purely platonic. And to off-set these rather ardent wooings, we are given an attractive picture of Franklin's life with the Stevensons in London. There were other episodes, not overlooked, less harmless, indicating Dr. Samuel Johnson's catholicity in taste; and we have letters and verses and squibs indicative of a certain vulgarity where women were concerned. But this is only one side of the man we view upon the pedestal.

The author has succeeded in giving us a living portrayal. He appreciates the effect of the accumulation of many small things in the making of the whole. Franklin's mental processes and habits are clearly defined—the ever curious, searching man seeking causes and effects, and hitting upon occasional discoveries. Thus the kite and the Franklin stove. An always active mind, this of the Franklin of Mr. Russell, making tiresome ocean voyages profitable by studying wind and water. Here is described a philosopher, who was an inventor, a scientist, a journalist, a printer, a diplomat, statesman, money-maker, and dreamer. He passes lightly and quickly from one interest to another, and we are given the impression that his powers of concentration were limited.

Whether intending to do so or not, Mr. Russell has explained the intimacy, and mutual appreciation of Franklin and Jefferson. The same inventive genius, the same passion for practical service, the same liberality and toleration, the same Socratic method, the same abhorrence of disputation, the same capacity to mingle familiarly with all kinds of people.

We are given the impression that early in life Franklin adopted Sir Roger de Coverly as his model, and Mr. Russell submits an abundance of evidence in support of the theory. The old philosopher emerges from the author's psychological treatment none the worse for it. We are introduced to a man who is far more attractive, and lovable than he of the homilies on drudging and saving,—a kindly old man with many weaknesses and infinite strength.

The style has the virtue of simplicity, and directness, with no striving after bizarre effects. The weakness of the work is the absence of citation of authorities,—a precaution essential in any book which challenges traditional impressions. It can be characterized as an intimate psychological portrait rather than a biography. It realizes the author's purpose, but a full length biography of one of the outstanding figures of his age remains for tomorrow.

A Woman's View

I AM A WOMAN AND A JEW. By LEA MORTON. New York: J. H. Sears & Compan 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by HELEN WOODWARD
Author of "Through Many Windows"

THIS book is not as bad as its jacket, which reads like the wail of one who cannot get along with other people and blames the trouble on being a Jew and a woman. Mrs. Morton (the name is an assumed one) seems much nicer than the disagreeable creature set forth by her publisher. Indeed she seems to have a special talent for getting along with others. Still, I venture to think that her troubles are not, as she thinks, racial, but personal.

She was born in an orthodox Jewish household. She makes the ceremonials that took place there very attractive. So does nearly everyone else remember certain moments of childhood with a warm sense of delight. Such memories are usually surrounded by the taste of food. Friday night and noodle soup, Christmas and plum pudding, *première communion* and *amandines*. Of such are made the memories of childhood and the traditions of a race.

Mrs. Morton found considerable anti-semitic prejudice at college. And later she often had difficulty in getting a job because she was a Jew. But she did get a job; she always got a job, and according to her own account very good jobs too. Occasionally one was refused to her because of her Jewish birth.

She married a Gentile, a gentle, intellectual man; and there she lost her father's countenance and friendship forever. Her marriage seems to have been highly successful. She has two children, nearly grown, of whose looks, manners, and minds she is proud. Yet we have permitted ourselves moments of sympathy with her husband. Her intently feministic attitude, her demand that he be perfectly logical about work for women and that he regard her as an equal (the idea of regarding any one in love as an equal) and her heavy sacrifices must at times have been trying.

It seems to this reader to be a large fuss over a comparatively small question. What does it all amount to in the United States? Jews are able to make a living under the same advantages and disadvantages as non-Jews. You show me a firm which won't employ Jews and I'll show you one which won't employ Gentiles. And if Jews are

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clever enough and greedy enough they can grow rich with the same ease as their neighbors. Also they can get the same education, such as it is, and they have as little chance as anyone else to live in beauty and dignity.

There are universities which limit the number of Jewish students, there are private schools which exclude them. There is often the exasperating experience of listening to some fool who invites you cordially to join his summer colony because the place is pure and free from Jews. Yet these are all pin pricks,—personally disagreeable, but unimportant.

It is true, to be sure, that the Jewish child grows an inferiority complex when he is ridiculed by noisy children for the handy offense of being a Jew. But haven't we discovered that no one ever accomplishes anything without an inferiority complex?

In a world in which millions of children go to work when they are ten years old, in a United States under the dark shadow of the Negro problem, it is hard to get stirred up over anti-semitism. Or over the idea of being or not being one's husband's equal. The Jews of America are completely able to take care of themselves. So too are its women.

Mrs. Morton had children. As they grew up, she found that one of them was ashamed of her Jewish blood, this last because she had sent him to a snobbish private school. She found her solution in taking herself and her children to a synagogue and following the ceremonials of mediæval Judaism. There was no religious feeling in this, merely a pride of race. Well, if she finds atonement for the pain she gave her dead father in this going back to his ways, that is an interesting psychological phenomenon.

We suspect this is not a book about Semitism or Feminism at all, though it seems to be. It is rather the story of how an emotional woman gives her life to proving to her father that a woman is as good as a man and can be as good a Jew.

A Great Teacher

COUNCIL AND COURTS IN ANGLO-NORMAN ENGLAND. By GEORGE BURTON ADAMS. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN
Cornell University

THIS is a collection of essays, most of which the late Professor Adams published in various historical and legal periodicals. They are permeated by that interpretation of English history which he regarded as his greatest contribution to the subject, the feudal-contract theory. As a young man Adams studied continental history and particularly Norman institutions, and then crossed the Channel with William the Conqueror and proceeded from that time on to interpret the history of England in terms of those Norman feudal institutions that were imported into England.

In Magna Charta he saw merely a restatement of old feudal theory to be found in Norman custom-books—much of the evidence he used to give his classes has, I think, never been published. When the barons held John up at Runnymede, they were asking only that he conform to those feudal customs with which they and he were familiar, that he keep the contract between overlord and vassals. As Magna Charta was reissued, it became the basis upon which increasing demands were made upon the sovereign, while the second party to the contract was strengthened by the addition of the knights of the shire and burgesses. Step by step out of the old feudal contract grew the limitation of King's power, and so freedom broadened down. This is a very inadequate statement of the Adams theory, which is now widely taught in America, but has hardly won equal acceptance in England, partly because lawyers there wrote so much of the constitutional history and found in the rise of the common law the ready explanation of the limitation of royal power, partly because Oxford is slow to take up new historical causes.

The critics of the Adams theory might say that contract is a modern notion. Would it be better to say that it is not so much an explanation as a general formula for English history as good as any that has been offered?

Adams did more, however, than find brilliant formulæ. After Gross he was the first American to win a position in England as an historian of England. He was the only American who contributed to the Hunt and Poole series of volumes of political history and his volume stands as one of the best. His position was won in England not by his general theories but by his narrow and special pieces of work, models of close research and careful analysis. This book embodies some of the last of those particular studies, papers about the Curia Regis, large and small, about equity jurisdiction and private jurisdiction, about the work of the thirteenth century in the formation of institutions. The truest greatness of a time, he says, "is measured not by what it contains of the results of the past but by the way in which it transforms those results into the beginnings of the future."

"G. B. A.," as his students knew him, was above all a great teacher. Had it been his lot to be an Englishman, traditions would have grown up about him, sayings would have been attributed to him, his name would have been among the assets of his generation, and his biography would find its place in the next. His students will not forget the upstairs room at No. 90 High Street, where he led them on from point to point in the interpretation of Merovingian chartularies and Norman customals. For a single week's assignment he used to give them fifty folio pages of the worst possible Latin, two German dissertations that took violent issue with one another, and a French controversial monograph. The men came to class confused with materials and theories; they were led on by questions put with the highest skill, until they began to see light in the darkness and to pick out the stages by which historical processes take place.

It is not too much to say that through his "Civilization in the Middle Ages," Adams taught a whole generation of American youth. Most college men of the last twenty-five years have at one time or another had to read that brilliant book, which came into American historical teaching as Guizot's "History of Civilization" went out. Few there are who can quite forget the famous ninth chapter in which Adams put into English for the first time the modern theory of the origins of feudalism. From the pages of that text thousands of young men caught some liking for history.

Native Glassware

AMERICAN GLASS. By M. H. NORTHEND. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by J. B. KERFOOT
Author of "American Pewter"

TWENTY-SIX years ago this fall a green covered booklet of 100 octavo pages, called "American Glassware," was published by Edwin A. Barber, Honorary Curator of the Department of American Ceramics in the Pennsylvania Museum at Philadelphia. It contained, in the succinctest possible form, information gathered by its pioneer author as to the founders, the commercial history, and the supposed output of many of the early American glass houses, as well as a classification, and tentative list of what are now known as "historical flasks." It was the first, and for fourteen years remained the only reference book available in a field now the chosen playground of thousands of enthusiastic (although often puzzled) students, collectors, and followers of fashion. By 1910 the beginning interest of which the Barber book had been the first expression was focusing upon the much talked of, but as yet only vaguely authenticated glass made by William Henry Stiegel at Manheim, Pennsylvania; and about this time F. W. Hunter began the searching investigations that resulted in his book on "Stiegel Glass," which was published in 1914, and in the large collection which he presented to the Metropolitan Museum the following year.

These linked happenings — like precipitants dropped into a saturated solution—almost instantly started a crystalization of collectors' interest that has, during the past decade, exfoliated into patterns undreamed of by the early enthusiasts. So large, however, has the field thus opened for investigation proved; so intricate have its ramifications been discovered to be; and so many have been, and still are, its mystifications; that no single one of its leading explorers has as yet felt ready definitely to commit the results of his studies and discoveries to print. Indeed, during the twelve years since the publication of the Stiegel book, only three small volumes have come from the press that have any value whatever for the American glass collector: "American Bottles, Old and New" (1920), by William S. Walbridge, a moderately informing booklet, largely devoted to the modern machine processes of the Owens Bottle Company of Toledo, Ohio; "Early American Bottles and Flasks," by Stephen Van Rensselaer (1921), a wretchedly executed but highly valuable check list on which the work of Barber was brought thoroughly up to date; and "Sandwich Glass," by Lenore Wheeler Williams (1922), a tentative study of a subject that still awaits full treatment.

On the other hand, a huge amount of work has been done in the past few years. Glass-house sites all over the country have been excavated. Surviving operatives of many of the small furnaces have been interviewed. Specimens of locally known origin have been acquired, and marked for identification. Large collections have been assembled and used for comparative study. The field of supposedly possible identification in "Stiegel" glass has been greatly narrowed. The supposedly recognizable output of the Wistar factory proper has been reduced to a minimum, and the repercussion of the Wistar influence has been traced, not only through the later New Jersey factories, but out among the New York, and New England furnaces. The long neglected and unwritten-about, but beautiful mold-blown glass of the post-Stiegel period has been given a late, but enthusiastic recognition, and an authoritative treatise on it is hoped for from Mr. George S. McKearin. Finally some order is being established in the pressed glass tangle of the so-called "Sandwich" output.

* * *

While nothing of all this has as yet gotten between covers, nevertheless, by word of mouth, and through occasional articles in the magazines, enough of it has become common property for the whole fraternity of glass enthusiasts to be a-tiptoe with expectation and eagerness for the new era of informing publication that is manifestly approaching. And it is to this tensely eager, largely informed and, in part at least, discriminating audience, that Miss Mary Harrod Northend offers her volume on "American Glass"—a title, by the way, that includes so large, and troubled a territory that only a complete "outsider looking in" would have dared to shoulder the responsibility of its implications.

And an outsider—although a gracious and an æsthetically and sentimentally enthusiastic one—is what Miss Northend shows herself to be throughout her book. She makes only a few sketchy references to anything that has happened since the appearance of Mrs. Williams's booklet on Sandwich glass. Almost every statement, technical or factual, that she makes is drawn from the pioneer volumes described above; and she quotes the errors of these pioneers—errors long since discovered, corrected, and dismissed—as trustingly as she quotes their correct pronouncements. Indeed she follows them (and the whole naïve glass-collecting world of the period prior to 1920) in almost wholly ignoring one of the four chief divisions of American glass—the division that includes the three-section-mold-blown glass of the first forty years of the last century; today probably the most widely studied, and sought-for variety of American glass. The book is beautifully printed, and adorned with exceptionally fine illustrations, although in many cases these picture in full-page plates articles on which no collector would waste a second glance. But the volume is destined to circulate, in so far as it does circulate at all, only among those uncritical "followers of fashion" already named as making up, with the "students," and the "collectors," the American-glass loving public of the day.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President, Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President, Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second-class matter, at the Post Office, at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. III No. 21.
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Rumanian Tales

KYRA KYRALINA. By PANAIT ISTRATI. With a preface by ROMAIN ROLLAND. Translated from the French by JAMES WHITALL. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926.

Reviewed by LEON FERARU

THERE are three distinct tales in Panait Istrati's first volume: "Stavru," "Kyra Kyralina," "Dragomir." Nevertheless they form, with his other works not as yet published in an English version, a continuous procession of characters, color, and pathos, in which love for the many, the obscure, the unfortunate, is the unifying element.

No artistry is being sought in these fragments of semi-Oriental life of a suburb of Braila, the author's birth place and a quaint cosmopolitan port on the Danube. The picturesque and the exotic detach themselves from the mere mention of the populace, with its mixture of Rumanian *doine*, Turkish *maniehs*, Greek pastorals, and Arab stomach dance. The foreignness of the *locanda*, of the home where the *musafiri*, the guests of the reveling womenfolk, were natives of Stamboul, the Armenians, Turks, and Greeks, give to the flow of the story the flavor of the Arabian nights. Braila, with its ships and sail-boats, its wooden bridges of yore, its white walls and narrow lanes, appears in the full spendor of poesy and drama.

And still Panait Istrati reveals an intricate techniique. It is the gift of the born story teller, which Romain Rolland felt from the very start and which prompted him to endorse the Rumanian's work. Istrati began writing at an age when some of the writers of his country cease to create. It was the yearning for self-expression that burst into full bloom in the autumn days of his sorrowful life.

Kyra Kyralina is a legendary character in Rumanian folklore. Istrati seems to be inspired by her name only and the atmosphere it suggests. The doings and whereabouts of the Kyra Kyralina of the naive ballads are not followed. He mingles romanticism with stark realism. Kyra becomes thus the sister of the much abused hero and she personifies his youth. A beam of the moonlit night, she falls a victim to the vices that poison his own existence. Although Rumanian by the very fact that the lore of Rumania suggested it, the world depicted by Istrati is a fantastic one, born of his own adventures and imagination, and brought to its first source, the Orient.

All the characters are artistically alive. They are grandiose, though of humble extraction. One cannot forget Kyra and her mother, soft, passionate, thirsty for life and hungry for love; the brutal father; the mysterious and strong uncles; Stavru and Tincutsa, and the host of suburb-dwellers with their barbarous wedding customs; and Dragomir himself, a prey in the hands of Mustafa-Bey; as well as the *salep* vendors and the fatherly Barba Yani. They all fill the air of blue reminiscences with their phantom-like appearance about them, like the smoke of an enchanted hooka.

No plot in the strict sense of the word is to be found. Color is prevalent, and if this can be called plot, then the *motif* of this fanciful tapestry is gaudiness. From Braila to Damascus, all the hues of the vivid East are unrolled before our dazed eyes. There are rare silks, precious stones, glittering gold. Nature, although not directly woven into the texture, adds a discreet tinge more through its reflection on things and people, as in some portraits where at a first glance it seems absent.

Pathos swells the rhythm of this parade of the humble, and deep love for the underdog, the outcast, the doomed. Istrati has a caress for the fettered hand, a smile and a tear for the persecuted, a reassuring word for the desperate.

Created originally in French, in a French acquired by the author at a mature age, the stories have been translated into many languages, including the Rumanian into which Istrati himself rendered his "Unce Anghel." It was with sympathy and obvious expectation that I opened the book, beautifully done by the American publishers. Yet Mr. James Whitall's version does not satisfy me completely. There are points that he has missed. Istrati's style is concise, rich in strength. To dilute it is to destroy its vigor. There is, moreover, the consistent spelling of names of localities, streets, and persons, in French. The orthography of Rumanian words should be the Rumanian. There is no Boulevard de la Mère de Dieu in Braila. There is Bulevardul Maicii Domnului, which can be translated St. Mary Boulevard. No character of the type of Dragomir or Goldstein is ever "Monsieur." The Rumanian folksongs are quoted in French. Istrati translated them into the language in which he was writing his story. Given an English dress in an English version, these peasant stanzas would gain in the naiveness which is their peculiar charm.

Lord Asquith's Annals

FIFTY YEARS OF BRITISH PARLIAMENT. By the EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH. Boston: Parliamentary Annals. Little, Brown & Co. 1926. 2 vols. $10.

Reviewed by ALFRED E. ZIMMERN

IN these days of distasteful "Mirrors" and "Whispering Galleries" Lord Asquith's sober and unadorned annals come as a welcome relief. Avoiding the twin pitfalls of malice and prolixity, he has drawn together his almost unrivalled experience of the British House of Commons into a most lucid and useful summary of the Parliamentary history of the last fifty years. The reader will naturally turn with chief interest to the record of the years covering the writer's Premiership. Here the chief space is devoted to the controversy with the House of Lords that was closed by the Parliament Act of 1911. Evidently the Earl of Oxford and Asquith looks back to this as the climax of his parliamentary career, and time has certainly vindicated the courage, skill, and patience that he exhibited during the whole crisis.

On one or two special points the record sheds new light. Thus we are told that the Carragh incident in the spring of 1914 was due to "a misunderstanding for which nobody was to blame"—evidently a euphemism for a mistake by a subordinate official. It led to the resignation of the Secretary of State for War, who was succeeded by Mr. Asquith himself. August thus found him at the War Office, and thus it was that place was so easily found for Lord Kitchener.

Two chapters are devoted to what has often been regarded as the weakest side of the Liberal government's policy towards Ireland before 1914—its policy towards Ulster. Lord Asquith explains that the reason why he did not suppress the Ulster volunteers or arrest their leader, was that no Ulster jury would have granted a conviction. He still maintains, even in the light of the whole train of circumstances to which the organization of the Ulster Volunteers gave rise "that the course actually pursued was the wisest that could in the circumstances have been taken."

But to a reflective reader the chief interest of these volumes is not in what they say, but in what they leave unsaid. Fifty years of Parliamentary history, culminating in a World War—and hardly a word on non-domestic issues! As we turn the pages and recall the issues with which they deal, and then remember that during the whole of this period tremendous forces were being massed for the greatest conflict in history, we wonder whether to be more astonished at the futility of Parliament or at the complacency of the Parliamentarian. Parliaments, as we all realize today, are unhandy instruments for controlling or even inspiring great international movements. But, if the institution is no longer equal to its function in public affairs, ought reverence for its traditions to render statesmen equally incapable? The House of Commons could not avert the World War. Granted. But need it have so absorbed the fine intelligence of the war-time Premier that, in his retrospect over the great events amidst which he was placed, the institution is everything and the forces it failed to control are hardly ever mentioned.

This is not the place in which to push these reflections any further. But no one who has the future of democracy at heart and is conscious of the deeper movements of the modern world could rise from perusing this work without having them forcibly presented to his mind.

The last "Fifty Years of British Parliament" and the last fifty years of international change have been two almost unrelated developments. If no relationship can be worked out between the two spheres it is easy to predict the outcome. Fifty years hence there will be no parliamentary annals to be written.

Candid Miss Newman

THE HARD-BOILED VIRGIN. By FRANCES NEWMAN. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MISS NEWMAN does her best to spare herself the indignity of a large public. The nose-thumbing title is backed up by a score of epigrams which seem included only *pour épater les bourgeois*. (Are there still persons capable of shock, after these last few years? Well, perhaps, in the fertile commonwealth which has produced Cocoa-Cola, Ernest Willie Upshaw, and Frances Newman.) For readers who are not affronted by the concept of virginity further discouragements are provided. There is the insolent ostentation of a 285-page book deliberately written without a single line of dialogue; and there are the blurbs on the jacket. These are provided by the Messrs. Cabell and Mencken, and they are what Broadway calls "raves;" endorsements so enthusiastic as to sting any normal reader into an outraged, "Oh, is that so?"

Curiously enough, it is. This reviewer has a dyspeptic intolerance of superlatives, but he cannot help feeling that Mr. Cabell selected his adjectives, whatever their degree, with his usual felicity. This book really is "brilliant, candid, civilized, and profound," though Miss Newman has tried to veil its merits from all but the hardy. Only a Southerner, to be sure, can appreciate it fully; hence, no doubt, a measure of the Cabellian enthusiasm. But for anybody who can stand the gaff it is a good two dollars and fifty cents' worth.

Veterans of "The Short Story's Mutations" will recall that reading Miss Newman's prose, two years ago, was an enterprise as arduous as the pursuit of the Holy Grail, though somewhat more adequately rewarded. Since then she has slightly tempered the wind to the shorn customer, but not much. Nearly all her sentences are built on a single pattern, the maelstrom or tornado pattern. Each one is a funnel-shaped cloud, a descending spiral of suppos contrary to fact in the pluperfect tense, down v the reader is whirled dizzily at ever-increasing to land at last squarely in the midst of an apodosis that is always there, but always a couple of hundred words overdue. A good book, friends; but give yourselves a workout on the scenic railway before you try it.

This is the story of Katharine Faraday, born in Atlanta and eventually ruined in Dresden after a dozen years of hesitation and gingerly toe-dipping on the banks of the Rubicon, now trying to keep out and now yearning to get in. Katharine spent her childhood acquiring a morbid sex-repression and most of her early maturity trying to get rid of it. The growth of this inhibition is set forth with admirable skill, but this sort of thing has been done so often that one yawns a little when it is done well. Sufficient, that Katharine Faraday, having at last managed to fling away her jewel, saw it coming back to her (merely in the psychic sense, to be sure) as promptly and depressingly as the ring of Polycrates.

Cantankerous readers for whom sex has lost some of its news value will find more entertainment in the intellectual history of Katharine Faraday, her spiritual escape from the too, too solid South and the Lost-Cause psychosis. From the casual reference to "the Congressmen who accurately represented the state of Georgia" to Katharine Faraday's impression of the Pantheon—"if all the contented members of Saint Paul's parish in Richmond and Saint Michael's parish in Charleston were chained before it for three days, they might possibly be brought to realize how a church looks when it is really old"—every line of this is grounds for lynching, unless Georgia and the South at large have lost their pristine vigor. Between "The Hard-Boiled Virgin" and Miss Glasgow's "Romantic Comedians," the South must begin to realize that its only salvation lies in taking the girl babies of good family who look as if they might have brains, and drowning them as soon as possible after birth.

Yes, Miss Newman is candid; not merely in the realm of physiology—anybody can be that, and everybody has been—but in more recondite fields of human interest where a good many novelists have nothing to be candid about. Having committed treason against her fatherland, she makes a good job of it by committing treason against her sex as well. Surely it will be a long time before any man

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who read this book can regard without suspicion any woman who seems well informed and gifted in conversation. With no false modesty, the author sets forth the reasons which led Katharine Faraday to become well informed, in succession, about Egyptology, Minnesota, the United States Coast Artillery, Georgia politics, the modern drama (1912 style), the Austrian aristocracy, the English novel, the American novel, and the modern drama (1923 style); and the methods by which she sparkled conversationally on all these subjects. This is an arcana historia if ever there was one. . . . It might be added that Katharine Faraday read many books and disliked them all, though apparently she never got around to "The Short Story's Mutations."

"In Georgia," says Miss Newman, "no lady was supposed to know she was a virgin until she had ceased to be one." Well, they know all about it now; and what with one thing and another, it is more exciting than you might think.

Some Scottish Souls

THE GREY COAST. By NEIL M. GUNN. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by H. W. BOYNTON

THIS book introduces, to one American reader at least, both a new writer and a new literary movement. The writer was born on the Grey Coast of the story and in a letter to the publisher modestly claims some knowledge of "the world north of the Tweed" and its people. He tells a tale of his own place and race, an "inside story" of both. For the habits and customs of these people are, he says, his own, and he should be able to give them a certain reality. And he has besides, a distinct racial and national consciousness—much like that which inspired the Irish movement of a quarter-century ago. This he sets forth clearly in the above-mentioned letter:

> There is a contemporary Scottish movement in the arts generally and in letters in particular, and though it may not as yet have made much headway, I believe, with its leading spirits, that the liberation of the Scottish mind with its distinctive psychology from the purely English traditions may result in time in a definite contribution, however small, to world literature (cf. Ireland, Belgium, etc.) I don't know that "The Grey Coast" foreshadows much of this, but I should like to think that further writings may increasingly reveal it as an underlying conception, leaving any success to be measured by the extent to which such revelation is made human and dynamic.

This story, at all events, is unmistakably human and dynamic as well as Scottish. Over the first few pages, perhaps, you set your jaws to patience: here, you guess, is to be another laborious study of peasant squalor and sordor, on the well-known "Celtic" pattern. Here is the comely lass of the mating age, about to be sold by her miserly uncle to the middle-aged brute with the money. Will she let herself be sold and thereafter seek solace in infidelity or suicide? Or will she escape to her lover by some act of desperate violence? Or sink into a tame drudge?—hapless but hardly tragic victim of fate and circumstance?—So you wonder, applying the common formula of peasant fiction, English and Irish. But it won't do. You are aware, as the tale goes on, of something new and different, a mood or a savor distinguishing these people from the peasants of Wessex or Devon or even the doomed and wistful Irish folk of say, Liam O'Flaherty. These are Celts but not madmen; there is a kind of sturdiness and moral reserve strength in them. The action of "The Grey Coast" moves to a sort of triumph, not of easy sentiment or equally easy denial, but of tragic fate. Old Jeems is literally caught in his own snare; and at the moment of his passing his three butts or victims are fatally drown together at his side, "gathering in about him,—Tullach and Haggie and Ivor Cormack, to a point in time, to a moment in destiny, that was as surely of his own creating as though his old wrinkled face were a satyr force compelling the final issue; and compelling it with the inexorability that knows no coincidence, that is built out of inevitable step by step with a stark simplicity."

Jeems passes, and brutal Tullach—who yet has something childlike and piteous about him—is brutally punished by the unforgettable vision of Maggie and her lover locked in the embrace of love the conqueror. You cannot deny these people, and you may not be able to forget them. Maggie in particular is a figure of impressive substance: the whole book has substance in which, as in all fine creative work, it is hard to distinguish merits of matter and manner.

Qwertyuiop

A Shirtsleeves History

I. (*Continued*)

THIS informal chronicle which began two weeks ago in *The Saturday Review* will appear fortnightly hereafter. I am requested to make this announcement at the beginning of this instalment. Two weeks ago I began with the best-sellers of 1912 and ended by touching upon a few of the literary events of that year. From which point I now proceed.

The Dickens Centenary was quite an affair. It brought forth Boz encomia from Barrett Wendell, Henry Mills, Alden, David Belasco, Jeannette Gilder, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Hildegarde Hawthorne, James Oppenheim, Edith M. Thomas, Agnes Repplier, and others. Edwin Markham prepared a poem to be read at the Dickens dinner, but, owing to his illness, I remember, Edith Wynne Matthison read it, and a very charming delivery she gave it. I recall that the dinner was at Del's and that the ices set before the diners each presented a portrait of Pickwick. The Committee of Arrangements, as I say, had got William Watson to come over for it. He came on the Cameronia and some of us reporters (not that I was a regular reporter then) explained to him what a reception Arnold Bennett had been given on his earlier visit. Watson professed to be amazed. And then he told us that the English really didn't read, that things of the mind were not encouraged in his home country, a statement somewhat amended when Mrs. W. K. Clifford also a visitor from Albion later in that month (which, as I recall, was February) informed us that everybody in England had read Owen Wister's "Virginian" and that Henry James had a tremendous reputation with the Britons. Mrs. Clifford also thought, I remember, that Americans read English authors, it seemed to her, much less now than they had formerly. Well, that set me pondering over Farnol and Florence Barclay. And there were others to ponder. The Hegira of English literary lecturers to our Mecca was already well under way.

Floyd Dell

Young Lochinvar of *The Chicago Evening Post* in 1912, and one of the Western phalanx. (Portrait by Zadig.)

Really, the English novel has always been popular over here. Back in 1912 there were as many English novelists on their lists as the publishers could get hold of. Among them, Bennett, who first recommended to George H. Doran a number of the younger English novelists (now permanencies on his list) had been telling us about "Our America" in *Harper's*. The elm-shaded streets of Indianapolis had appealed to Enoch Arnold as most typically American, for naturally he had journeyed to the Hoosier state, that cradle of so many of our popular writers. As to sport, Bennett approved of our baseball and intercollegiate football. He also like the outrageously animated sky signs of New York, and spoke particularly, I recall, of two famous signs now gone, the Corticelli Kitten at the corner of Times Square (he called it "the mastodon kitten") and the famous beer-sign chariot race, to be viewed in those days looking North up Broadway from Forty-Second Street. But he didn't think so much of our Limiteds or Pullmans. I don't know exactly why.

I have spoken above of old sky signs, I might also like Don Marquis's "Old Soak," expatiate upon "them old barrooms" of the pre-war and pre-Volstead days. But I refrain. New York has seen a good many changes in the last fourteen years or so. In the time I write of, for instance, Sherry's was still at the corner of Fofty-Fourth Street and Fifth, the public prints were advertising the Woolworth Building with its eighty-six foot square tower (down at Broadway, Park Place and Barclay), as offering to business men "the best offices in the world," and Seventh Avenue had not yet been cut through Charles Street. Speaking of Charles Street, that is where Sinclair Lewis had been living—in the very middle of it, on Vannest Place—while he toiled through the day in the offices of Frederick A. Stokes on Fourth Avenue. One saw Sinclair, or "Red" as he was familiarly and affectionately called, often of an evening in the back of the old O'Connors, which was entered from Christopher Street and known widely by the elect as "The Working Girls' Home." Or one ran into him a little further up Sixth Avenue at "The Old Grapevine," one of the friendliest places for beer in the lower city, where solid family men sat reading papers and discussing politics.

Where were some of the rest of our present great? Well, Dreiser had been spending a winter in Italy, after being for three or four years, up to 1910, editor-in-chief of the Butterick publications. His "The Financier" was out in 1912, the story of the time of Jay Cooke in Philadelphia, and he was gathering material for "A Traveller at Forty." Eleven years had elapsed between the publication of his "Sister Carrie" in 1900 and his second novel "Jennie Gerhardt." James Branch Cabell was engaged in coal-mining in West Virginia. Eight years before, his first novel, "The Eagle's Shadow" had appeared serially in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and he had followed that book—though not in the *Post*—with "The Line of Love," "Gallantry," "The Cords of Vanity," and "Chivalry." "The Soul of Melicent," later reissued as "Domnei," did not appear until 1913. But no one had "discovered" Cabell in those days, though he had gained a certain reputation as a cloak-and-sword romancer usually illustrated in the pages of *Harper's* by Howard Pyle.

One knew nothing of Sherwood Anderson in the East, or of Edgar Lee Masters or of Carl Sandburg, though certain writers in Chicago were forming a clan, to meet later in Margery Currey's rooms and promote art and discuss the universe. In upon them stole Sherwood one memorable evening, introduced by his brother Karl, the painter. Arthur Ficke, Witter Bynner, Floyd Dell, Maurice Browne and his wife,—Hecht, Sandburg, and Bodenheim were of the group that welcomed the great writer whom Harry Hansen has dubbed a "corn-fed mystic." Sherwood Anderson was a business man and an advertising man just breaking free. Sandburg, having served a term as secretary to the Mayor of Milwaukee had come to *System*, a Chicago publication, and was interviewing big employers of labor. Masters' early poetry, poetic dramas and essays had blushed unseen, though his first work, "A Book of Verses" had appeared as far back as 1898, and his Maximilian," a drama in blank verse as far back as 1902. Recalling the latter, it is interesting to think of this season's production of "Juarez and Maximilian," by Franz Werfel, put on by the Theatre Guild. Masters treated the same theme twenty-four years ago.

We in New York, as I say, knew little or nothing of the Chicago phalanx just forming, though a sun-dog or parhelion, appearing over that city on February the fifth (which was reported as the most perfect ever recalled in that latitude, and which lasted two hours) may possibly have been a heavenly portent of great literature to come! But the world wagged on much as usual. Walter J. Travis (for Bobby Jones must then have been but an infant) got a seventy at Palm Beach in February. Willie Hoppe easily defended his title as 18.2 balk line billiard champion at the Hotel Astor. The National Lawn Tennis Association decreed that the champion must "play through." And Donn Byrne, now a best-seller, was then Celticly singing in the magazines such staves as:

I will take my pipes and go now, for the sand-flower
on the dunes
Is aweary of the sobbing of the great white sea,
And is asking for the piper with his basketful of tunes
To play the merry lilting that sets all hearts free.

Ah, there was much merry magazine lilting in

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those days! And lawyers were trying to free Foulke E. Brandt, Mortimer Schiff's former servant, and Otto Kahn announced his intention of living in England and perhaps going into Parliament.

Then there was the Nathalia Crane of the time, the child prodigy. O don't you remember Winifred Sackville Stoner, Jr., who wrote verse in Esperanto and had published four volumes? At the age of one, we were assured, she could recite Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," at two she could speak French, at three write on the typewriter, and at seven she had published her first book.

But to return to Chicago, for a moment, there was *The Dial*. *The Dial* of these days is so very different. There was no *Dial* of these days in those days. There was Mr. Charles Leonard Moore's *Dial*. This *Dial* was dignified double column without even a line illustration. Mr. Moore had written an editorial for it in favor of girls' heads on magazine covers, and Mr. William Morton Payne reviewed poetry for it. He rather leaned toward Bliss Carman, Clinton Scollard, and Julia C. R. Dorr, and away from the newer manifestations.

(*To be continued in a fortnight*)

Notes of a Rapid Reader

(*Continued from page* 445)

together in your mind like bits of experience in life. This is salutary—but is it art? The middle is by all odds the finest war's end narrative yet written in English—the last assaults on a civilized man of dirt, danger, horror, hope deferred, injustice, in a haze of fatigue. Here the dash and dot method of telling is exactly right.

CHARLES DARWIN. By GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

If he worked more than two hours a day he had nervous indigestion, and yet he managed to upset the apple cart of nineteenth century philosophy.

THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION. The Ordeal of Civilization. By BREASTED and ROBINSON.

The scholars know too much, and won't, or can't, tell us in any intelligible fashion. These books were written by authorities for high schools, and then revised for adults. That is right. Few adults have grown intellectually much beyond the high school age, although they are shrewder, and can understand more. Few scholars try hard enough to be intelligible unless they think they are writing for youth. Hence this revision has been a great success. In these lucid volumes fathers may discover what their sons have been learning of a world in which science seems to have been much more important than in the last century we were allowed to suppose.

THE MAKING OF THE MODERN MIND. By J. H. RANDALL.

Not so well written as the above, yet a clear and pointed summary of the development of the mind in civilization, a process of which the average American adult is as ignorant as the fish of the ocean he lives in.

TAR. By SHERWOOD ANDERSON.

The boyhood of a novelist who was born curious as to how (and why) the human machine works. Not guaranteed as autobiography, but certainly not fiction; let us say, the boyhood of an Anderson hero. Sombre and dreamy, full of repetition, yet with that brooding sense of the richness of commonplace life which distinguishes this writer. Mr. Tinker, the plutocrat of Tarkington's novel, would have fitted perfectly into this book, but instead of hee-hawing his Roman way over ancient cities whose passion for water works he completely understood, he would have become an Andersonian symbol of noisy man trying to hide his search for a soul. What with Tarkington, Lewis, and Anderson all writing, it is a wise Middle West that knows its own father, or its own face! But put Tarkington and Anderson together and you get an answer that begins to go deeper than satire.

The price of $210 realized at the recent Hudnut sale for the first edition of Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" established a new high record for this famous book.

The BOWLING GREEN

Bread and Quercuses

"THE SATURDAY REVIEW subscribers are complaining because you don't write more often, P. E. G." It was Jocunda speaking, one of those evenings when she and Young Amherst gather round the oil stove at the back of Quercus's bookshop, after the place has closed for business.

"Yes, they want bread and Quercuses," said Young Amherst, whose wits have been a good deal sharpened by enforced association with Jocunda.

"Well how am I going to write anything if you kids stick around here and soliloquize?" said Quercus. "I thought you were going hoofing."

"We'd rather jabber about books," said Jocunda, hoisting herself onto that big pile of *The Intimate Papers of Colonel House* that P. E. G. is wondering what to do about. He doesn't overorder very often, but once in a while he gets hooked. "Besides, Amherst gets sentimental after dancing, and it's rather trying."

"What she really means is, she's worked her way through all the hotsy-totsy places listed in *Variety's* Broadway Guide," Amherst retorted. She keeps her little bag full of clippings from *Variety* because she says it gives her the real professional lowdown on what's worth while."

"Y. A.'s a scream. He still wants to go to places puffed by *The New Yorker*. Why, you can hardly crash in, they're so full of debs and college boys. But I'm scared about *Variety*," she added dolefully. "The mezzobrows have discovered it. There's an article about it in this month's *Mercury*."

Jocunda's passion for *Variety* began when she was at Vassar, where she horrified her English teachers by insisting that that sprightly journal had more of the meat of dramatic criticism than Shaw, Pinero, and A. B. Walkley put together.

"It nearly kills Jocunda when anything she likes gets taken up by the throng," said young Amherst. "She's worrying about Jim Tully now, because she's afraid he's getting popular."

"Rot!" she exclaimed fiercely. "If a thing bores me, it bores me, no matter who kisses his hand to it. I think the most amusing thing this fall was Will Rogers' *Letters of a Self Made Diplomat*, and certainly you can't say there's anything cliquy about liking Rogers."

"I don't think you need worry about the outsiders reading *Variety*," said Quercus urbanely. "They wouldn't understand the lingo."

"Oh, did you see Sime Silverman's editorial, commenting on the *Mercury's* article about his terrible English?" she exclaimed. "It was adorable. Golly how I'd like to meet Sime, I'm going up there some day and brace him for a job." She dragged out a bulky copy of *Variety* from the corner where she keeps her special cache of treasures. "I got a flunk in the Appreciation of Drama course at Vassar for saying that Sime Silverman understood more about literature than all the Modern Language Association. But look here, this is the sort of thing I call Criticism." She read aloud:—

Lavigne Young opens with woman going into pianolog, then switching to plant in box, an Italian dialect comedian, who, upon coming to stage, turns out to be a much better high baritone than comedian. She sits on his hat, and he says "You THINK you sat on my hat; you know damn well you sat on my hat." Yes, that kind of comedy. For the finish she sings jazz and he does operatic response, working into good getaway. As long as they sing they do well, but the comedy is terrible. Sixteen minutes of this.

On the other hand, Langford, of Langford and Myra, is a suave and sure performer. No stressing of points and no struggling to accentuate. But the soft pedal thing hurt the latter in this house. They had a tough time hearing him above the gum chewers. Usherettes with mouths full of gum lend a charming atmosphere. That K-A reel on schooling patrons how and what to do with gum in their theatres should have another showing for the house staffs.

This seemed to leave Young Amherst fairly cold. The Genung tradition is still pretty strong in him.

"My big discovery," he said, "is a poem I found in Ashley's big book *The Yankee Whaler*. You see, my great-grandfather was a New Bedford whaling skipper and I'm interested in that sort of thing. The old shellbacks, you know, used to scrimshaw flat scraps of whalebone for their sweethearts' corsets, and scratch verses on 'em. Here's one—

Accept, dear Girl, this busk from me,
Carved by my humble hand—
I took it from a Sparm Whale's Jaw
One thousand miles from land!

In many a gale
Has been the Whale
In which this bone did rest,
His time is past,
His bone at last
Must now support thy brest."

Jocunda's eyes were bright with enthusiasm, for any bit of genuine sentiment always hits her (as she says) Where She Lives.

"Lovely, lovely!" she said. "It'd almost be worth wearing one of the damn things to have that written for you. But we're doing all the talking, P. E. G. What have you discovered that's good?"

"Well," said the bookseller, "you've been selling *Everybody's Pepys*"—

"She's fed up with Pepys," interrupted Amherst. "That's just it, it's *everybody's* Pepys; she says Pepys has got to be as common as pyorrhea. She's even given up reading the *World* since F. P. A. went bourgeois and had a baby—"

"You see it's not safe to say *anything* to Y. A." She observed calmly. "He takes it too seriously. I'm likely to go bourgeois myself most any minute. I said that just to shock him: I was sore at him for wanting me to fill out that naïve questionnaire in the *World* about Believing in God. How can you answer questions like that with Yes or No? The only people who can are people whose opinions aren't worth having. The real question is, Does God Believe in Me?"

Quercus was well accustomed to these scenes.

"Well, you'll learn more about what life is really like from Pepys than you will from Keyserling," he said calmly. "But what I was going to say, everyone has praised the delightful Shepard drawings in *Everybody's Pepys*, but there's something else no one has mentioned—the Index. It's one of the few classics where the Index is worthy of the text. Have a look at it. See, for instance, the item 'Maids'."

"I've been looking over the new edition of Havelock Ellis's *The New Spirit*," said Am[illegible]. "It was written 36 years ago, and in the new pr[illegible] Ellis quotes the reviews the book got when i[illegible] first published. One London paper called i[illegible] unpleasant compilation of cool impudence and effrontery,' and another said 'a more foolish, unwholesome, perverted piece of sentimental cant we have never wasted our time over."

"There's one very fine thing in that old book of Ellis's," said Quercus, "his tribute to William Blake's *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*. I don't suppose either of you kids have read much Blake, or not read him carefully; thank goodness maybe you haven't had any necessity to do so. You're so busy being amazed by *The Sun Also Rises* or some of the young Frenchmen—"

"I don't care what you say, *The Sun Also Rises* is a clever bit of work," Jocunda announced. "Y. A. says it's just another Scott Fitzgerald, he missed the cunning of Hemingway's dialogue altogether. Boy, that bird can write; if he'll just learn not to shove in little topical jokes about individuals that have nothing to do with the story. Of course the material's pretty thin, but his technical dexterity—" She paused suddenly, realizing that this sounded very Poughkeepsie.

"Oh, well, I've never been abroad," said Amherst with the engaging humility to which Jocunda always eventually reduces him. "I admit I don't get that Latin Quarter stuff. It seems so terribly like Greenwich Village to me, and as Hamish Miles said in the *Oxford Circus*, None of the characters are entirely imaginary."

"You were going to tell me what you wanted me to give you both for Christmas," said their employer.

"You can give me a copy of William Blake," said Jocunda.

"I'll take a year's subscription to *Variety*," said Amherst.

"Well, I'm not going to give you anything literary," said P. E. G. "You two kids are much too steamed up about books anyhow. See what I've got for you."

He produced two curious prism-shaped parcels, unmistakable to the initiate.

"There you are, two Ambassador Crystal Dimples," he said. "Now buzz off to Roseland or somewhere and leave me with my detective story. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes and I are spending the evening together."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

Filling Empty Boxes

THE WIDENING RETAIL MARKET AND CONSUMERS' BUYING HABITS. By HORACE SECRIST. Chicago: A. W. Shaw Company. 1926.

Reviewed by M. P. McNAIR
Harvard University

WITH the growing accumulation of business data of a quantitative nature, it is encouraging to note that economists and statisticians are turning their attention increasingly to the problem of giving substance, and positive content to the abstract concepts of orthodox economic theory. As Professor Taussig has pointed out, economics must now proceed to fill its "empty boxes." It is this service which Professor Secrist essays to perform in some part for the traditional concept of a market. The data which he adduces in his book relate solely to the retail clothing trade, in which field he has been carrying on research for a number of years, but the conclusions to which he is led have a broad application to other trades, and to other than retail markets.

At the outset Professor Secrist presents a brief résumé of classical economic theory respecting the concept of a market, showing that the essential features of this concept are substantially those indicated by Marshall; namely, "(1) a place or district; (2) organized buyers, and sellers; (3) trading according to motives of self-interest; and (4) free competition—the price of the commodity traded in being 'practically the same for the whole of the district'." Professor Secrist, however, ranges himself with the economic thinkers, notably Professor Gustav Cassel, and Professor J. M. Clark, who deny the reality of a market defined in such terms.

Market facts and processes are placed in a wrong light when writers insist that competition must be free, that buyers and sellers are always and solely actuated by motives of self interest, and that there must of necessity be in a market a single price at a single time for a given commodity. To do so is to ignore the obvious.

After thus establishing his general position, Professor Secrist proceeds to analyze the information secured from a questionnaire answered by 2,413 college students with respect to the prevailing buying habits of themselves, and their fathers in the purchase of suits, overcoats, and furnishings. The essential inquiries made in this questionnaire, which was filled out under the direction of instructors in twenty-six universities, were as follows: "Where do you live?" and "While living at home, in what city or village was it the prevailing practice for you to purchase your suits, overcoats, or furnishings?"

From the analysis of the replies to this questionnaire, interpreted in the light of his previous studies in the same field, Professor Secrist draws the following conclusions: "(1) trading, for the members of the class interviewed, is not restricted to places of residence; (3) residence cities and trading centers overlap; (3) the direction of the movement of trade is from the small to the large centers; (4) the buying habits of students, and fathers are much the same; (5) the more valuable the purchase the greater the tendency to trade away from home; (6) the tendency to buy in other than residence centers is a function of both the size of the place of trading and of its relative accessibility; and (7) buying 'abroad' is facilitated by ease of transportation, in connection with which ownership or use of automobiles is of importance.

When the data are treated in the aggregate, they supply the basis for the generalization that, for these lines of merchandise, the areas for retail trading centers overlap, and that such overlapping transmits competitive effort from district to district, thus linking up the country into a single market.

These conclusions give substance to the theory, expressed by Marshall and hinted at by Mill, that a market may be continuous through the effects of indirect and transmitted competition. It is this overlapping of retail clothing markets upon which Professor Secrist lays special emphasis, as indicated in his title "The Widening Retail Market." In another sense, however, one might say that the results of this study indicate a narrowing retail market, inasmuch as there appears to be clear evidence of a drift of purchasing away from the smaller towns and cities toward the larger centers of population. From a practical marketing standpoint, this is a change in purchasing habits which should challenge the attention of business men.

The book is amply supplied with charts and tables, both in the text, and in the very considerable appendices. These will be of more interest to the student and the business man than to the general reader.

With respect to the classical economic concept of a market, Professor Secrist has filled one corner of the box quite acceptably, but there is still a good deal of empty space and plenty of spade work to be done before it can all be filled. In particular it would be desirable to have studies of a number of wholesale markets, since it may be presumed that economists have had these chiefly in mind in formulating their concepts of a market.

Result of Riches

THE MIND OF THE MILLIONAIRE. By ALBERT W. ATWOOD. New York: Harper & Bros. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDUARD C. LINDEMAN

WHATEVER degree of curiosity is aroused by Mr. Atwood's alluring title is sure to end in disappointment once his book itself is read. The author fulfils none of the promises of his theme and never comes within sight of its main implications. Nor could he be expected to perform the expected tasks since he approaches his material without valid method, without critical insight, and without scientific preoccupation. On the whole, one is led to believe that Mr. Atwood merely wanted to state the fact that the millionaire is a person much like other persons, and that someone misled him into thinking that his platitudes belonged between the covers of a book. And this is regrettable because he might really have utilized his apparently intimate acquaintance with the wealthy to much better advantage.

To begin with, why does a man want a large fortune? This question occupies Mr. Atwood's attention in Chapter III under the title "Motives of Fortune Makers." He desires riches because he is temperamentally acquisitive, is envious, wants luxuries, likes to give money away, is anxious for power, enjoys the game of achievement, possesses a conscience which drives him to work, or he simply cannot help himself. These are, of course, easy, and obvious answers. The above categories might have been used, conventional and obvious as they are, with telling effect if our author had proceeded to some sort of analysis. Power, for example, is a potent concept; just how does the millionaire conceive it; in what manner does the urge to power arise; how far is it a compensation for personal or physical deficiencies; what are the results of the power of the rich upon those who consciously or unconsciously obey; what, in short, is the meaning of power in terms of personality, and social influence. These are questions which Mr. Atwood does not raise, but they are the kind of questions which need to be attacked if one is to begin to understand the psychological implications of extraordinary wealth.

One additional illustration may suffice to indicate the superficiality of treatment which pervades this volume. Speaking of "wealth and service" (page 211), Mr. Atwood says: "It is usually cheaper and easier to raise $1,000 for charity from two or three people who can afford several hundred dollars each, than from a thousand people who can afford a dollar each. . . . In the same way it is valuable to society that some men are ambitious to work, save, invest, and grow rich." Yes, "cheaper and easier," but is it *better? This easy manner of slurring* over important problems characterizes every chapter, and is particularly in bad taste when the writer addresses himself to those who have presumed to question the validity of private property, and capitalistic enterprise.

"The Mind of the Millionaire" is, in spite of contrary claims, nothing more than a journalistic apology for large fortunes. It does nothing to illumine essential problems, sets no new ones, and will be useful solely as a solace to the pathetic rich whose tribulations—especially with respect to income, and inheritance taxes—have enlisted Mr. Atwater's sympathies. Even when he reproaches individual owners of wealth for its misuse he does so in order to give added sanction to others. The author is to be commended for his courage, and audacity in attacking a theme far beyond his capacities. We shall some day need to know a great deal about the psychology, and the consequences of great riches, but the work will need to be done by economists, and psychologists; Mr. Atwood will be of very little assistance when the real task begins.

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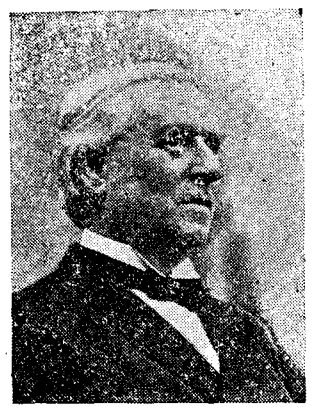

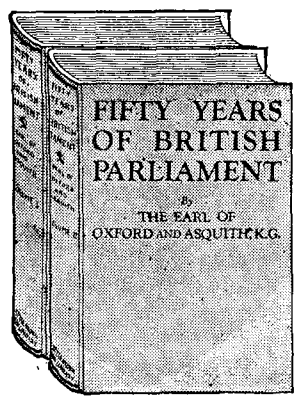

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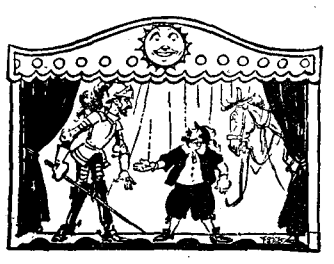

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Foreign Literature

What Is the Soul?

PSYCHE. By ERWIN ROHDE. Translated from the eighth German edition by W. B. Hillis. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

AN English version of this, one of the great treasures of nineteenth century scholarship, has long been overdue. Erwin Rohde, contemporary and early friend of Nietzsche—though like others estranged from that irascible genius in later years—belonged to the German historical tradition which combined philosophy, philology, and history of culture. He reacted, however, against the uncritical and exaggerated praise of all things Greek which had characterized the earlier part of the century, and by his work pointed the way toward a more realistic estimate of classical civilization. "Psyche" was the foundation for all that later study of Greek religion in terms of actual cult practices instead of merely through literature which in the hands of Frazer, Cook, Farnell, and Jane Harrison has yielded such a wealth of new material. Supplemented and modified but not superseded by theirs, his work has been substantiated *in its main contention*, and, being a masterpiece of prose style, as well as a masterpiece of scholarship, is not likely to be superseded in the future.

The beauty of Rohde's writing could hardly be retained in another language—readable and accurate as Mr. Hillis's rendering is—but the beauty of his far-flung yet closely knit imagination, thrown like a golden net over a thousand years of Greek culture, penetrates the translation and makes the work thrilling as a poem—which essentially it is. Ultimately the most thrilling question for any man is what does he conceive himself to be—what is his notion, rich or poor, positive or negative, of his own self, his soul, his psyche. This is the glittering thread which Rohde follows through the whole net-work of Greek civilization, and which binds his long work into perfect unity.

Primitive cultures seem, like historical, to have had their great waves of enthusiasm, their ebb and flow of faith and doubt, their stagnant periods of accepted, formalized belief. At the outset of Rohde's volume we catch dim glimpses of such a period in the pre-Homeric or Mycenæan age—now far better known to us—in which there was a highly developed cult of souls, a worship of mingled love and terror directed toward the spirits of the dead supposed to be surviving in or near the tomb, possessed of strange powers, often malignant, always dangerous, to be placated with food and offerings and ritual. The monition to speak no evil of the dead—interpreted today as a tribute of chivalry toward one no longer present to defend himself—originally arose, as an advice of caution, from the directly opposite conception that the dead man was all-powerful to avenge himself. The cult of souls was at its worst dark and superstitious, and even at its best formal and superficial. In the clear rationalism of the Homeric period it all but disappeared. Ghosts had become impotent, tenuous beings, banished at death to a far-distant Hades, leaving the living to pursue untroubled their worldly occupations of war or love or adventure. The Homeric poems, however, with their threefold separated realms of celestial deities, terrestrial mortals, and subterranean shades were as high above the permanent popular level in philosophy as in poetry. Local cave spirits, underworld demons and monsters lingered on for centuries, unextirpated by the bright Olympian gods, and it was these lower divinities who monopolized the actual worship of the Greek populace. The cult of souls revived, was supported by the Delphic Oracle, and was sanctioned at Athens by the most enlightened of the Greek states. A privileged condition of blessed immortality, contrasted with the next to nothingness of the Homeric shades, was first extended to the special class of heroes, and then to the whole mass of Athenians who were officially initiated in the Eleusinian Mysteries. Yet even here immortality was regarded as a *kind of magic gift, unrelated to man's conduct or character*, and the belief was in consequence without great influence on human life.

Note to Novel Readers

(*Continued from page* 447)

habits of fiction and drama—as these might be written. The use of the Greek chorus has always pulled at the sleeve of the dramatist, and sometimes, though very rarely, has emerged in the novel. An example of a new use of the chorus appears in "Carmencita and the Soldier," that stirring reinterpretation of "Carmen," made in this country by Morris Gest. Here the chorus is no longer a volley of bright-skirted and bodiced maids and men, thrust into the action like a shower of sparks from a burning building when the action is, as yet, concerned only with contemplating a possible conflagration; no, this crude chorus is replaced by an assembly which actually represents the thought of the actors: A grave sombre company, emerging at various planes of vision, on irregularly-placed surfaces high in the set, chanting their dreamy reflections on what goes on below, no action among them, no motion any more than the motion of thought, namely, the sudden flutter of innumerable fans, and these as abruptly furled. This is an advance on the chorus of "Coq d'Or," where the chorus sits passive and immobile, static like flesh, not mobile like spirit—a thing of the external, and not of the flame, the mood. And it is the triumph of Theodore Dreiser that, in "An American Tragedy," he has transferred this chorus, similarly, from the external to the internal; has made it not a company of commentators, but the voice within the chief actor himself; and it is through this inner voice alone that the most dramatic moment in that magnificent book is detailed: It is the moment when Clyde has accidently tilted the boat, and Roberta has been plunged into the water, and it occurs to him not to save her.

Perhaps the greatest mystery in the art of the novelist *inheres in tempo*. Tempo, long a living reality to music, emerged in drama much later, and was isolated and christened and recognized later still. In fiction it has hardly yet been recognized. The novelist has been content with the immature device of chapters to indicate a lapse of time no less than a change of subject; or he has used spacings, and even stars. The bald *ticking of time*—"three years later," "two hours afterwards,"—he has used as a matter of course; and such expressions as "presently," "shortly," "in a few minutes" he has employed as unblushingly as the writer of motion-picture captions has set down his bald descriptive lines. The orchestra knows a better way; drama knows that there must be crests, and shallows in *action—that two crests cannot come too* closely together, and that too deep a shallow will pull down a perfect crest.

In that region of the unknown, unknown to author as to reader save by effect, there will come, even now is coming, the use of inanimate objects not as setting alone, but as integral and reacting parts of certain moments. But only of certain moments. As Hardy uses the wheel and roll of the night skies, and the flow of the moors, and the crouching shoulders of the Essex hills, so one handling the lesser scenes realizes that his function is largely the pointing of relationship; and that relationships exist between himself and his surroundings hardly less sharp, hardly less violent in impact, than those between man and man. These patient familiar things, scenes, façades, gardens, passages, aspects of closed rooms, impinge upon and affect him; and rushing greetings of fire and sunlight, withdrawals, reproachings, indignations, and tragic reminders are functions of inanimate objects, and of places almost as much as of their bustling and preoccupied inmates and habitués. Sometimes more so. Such things have not been taken into account. They will emerge in fiction late, but already their importance on the stage has been recognized, and lighting, color, spacing, proportion, silence, clutter, and even—with O'Neill—actual expansion and contraction of the walls of the room, take up their vital part in drama, and will be followed by their full-bodied entrance into fiction. "We know not what each other says—these things and I," Francis Thompson mourned. The novelist of tomorrow may know, and expose these interactions between human beings and their silent faithful "inanimate" companions.

For there is possible to perception, and therefore possible to fiction as a record of perception and reaction, something which pictorial artists have known, almost alone of artists. There is possible a certain naked look at the object in itself, unveiled, divorced from habit, custom, expectation—a direct impact upon the senses of the aspect of things, with no separating conventions of what one should see or can see. There is a direct perception of line and mass, just as there is a direct perception of truth; and by such perception may be disclosed not only the form but its equivalents. The moderns, some of them, are by simple means divulging this power of human vision—in the United States, to name one Pamela Bianco has projected moments of the sharpest and most naked vision flat upon the object itself, or oftener with a bold use of atmosphere as dynamic. The great contribution of Arthur Davies is not in his extension of material, nor in his handling of its relationship; but it is precisely in this power to multiply even the ordinary vision of the artist until new planes, and *new planes in motion*, present themselves as simply as old lines and surfaces. Georgia O'Keefe has communicated not the emotion—a simple matter—but the actual *ray* of an object painted, of a leaf, a stamen. And occasionally this is true in the wood-cuts. These ways are incommunicable. That is their power. They can be employed, but they cannot be talked about. But it is upon some such area of power and energy that the fiction writer, not less than the pictorial artist, is about to enter.

It will be in his area, perhaps, that the "third convention" of Professor Saurat will be formulated for art, and then there may be for fiction, correspondences to the other exactitudes: the spectrum, the octave, the seed.

Meanwhile the confusion is like a magnificent exercise, many instruments being tuned and tried, and new music is heard

(*Continued on page* 456)

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THE PANCHATANTRA. Translated by A. W. Ryder. (University of Chicago Press).
THE MATRIARCH. By G. B. Stern. (Knopf).
A DEPUTY WAS KING. By G. B. Stern. (Knopf).
THE BIRTH OF THE GODS. By Dmitri Merejkowsky. (Dutton).
LOLLY WILLOWES. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. (Viking).
DEBITS AND CREDITS. By Rudyard Kipling. (Doubleday, Page).
COLLECTED POEMS. By Arthur Davison Ficke. (Doran).
THE ANATOMY OF SCIENCE. By G. N. Lewis. (Yale University Press).
THE MONGOL IN OUR MIDST. By F. G. Crookshank. (Dutton).
THE CONQUEST OF CIVILIZATION. By James Henry Breasted. (Harpers).

LEONARD BACON

WORDSWORTH'S "PRELUDE." Edited by E. de Selincourt. (Oxford University Press).
EDUCATION AND THE GOOD LIFE. By Bertrand Russell. (Boni & Liveright).
WINDS OF DOCTRINE. By George Santayana. (Scribners).
WORSHIP OF NATURE. By James G. Frazer. (Macmillan).
LINCOLN: THE PRAIRIE YEARS. By Carl Sandburg. (Harcourt, Brace).
HEART OF EMERSON'S JOURNALS. Edited by Bliss Perry. (Houghton Mifflin).
SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC HISTORY OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. By M. Rostovtzeff. (Oxford University Press).
SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S NOTEBOOK. (Boni & Liveright).
GALAHAD. By John Erskine. (Bobbs-Merrill).
JESTING PILATE. By Aldous Huxley. (Doran).

ARTHUR COLTON

THE TIME OF MAN. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. (Viking).
GALAHAD. By John Erskine. (Bobbs-Merrill).
MY MORTAL ENEMY. By Willa Cather. (Knopf).
THE HUMAN ADVENTURE. By J. H. Breasted and J. H. Robinson. (Harpers).
THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY. By Will Durant. (Simon & Schuster).
THE LETTERS OF ABELARD AND HELOISE. Translated by Scott-Moncrieff (Knopf).
A VICTORIAN AMERICAN: HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. By Herbert Gorman. (Doran).

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SUTTER'S GOLD. By Blaise Cendrars. (Harpers).
CHEVRONS. By Leonard H. Nason. (Doran).
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THE GOLDEN DAY. By Lewis Mumford. (Boni & Liveright).
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THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS. By Ellen Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page).

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POEMS. By A. Y. Campbell. (Longmans, Green).
ISRAFEL: LIFE AND TIMES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. By Hervey Allen. (Doran).
KEATS. By W. H. Garrod. (Oxford University Press).
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—◈—

The 8th. UP AND to my office about my business, then to Fifth Avenue and it being too soon to go to dinner I walked up and down and looked in on the new quarters of Oxford University Press. I did purchase some of their very fine volumes recently brought out having to do with the Eighteenth Century and a somewhat earlier time, and I did recall to them there that in *Amen House* where is the home of the Press in London there is in the basement of that House an authentic piece of the London Wall of Roman Britain—very noteworthy about this great Press. So to my Club, and by and by in came sundry friends, booklovers, and I did tell them of my morning jaunt. Whereupon W. Peris, Esq. talked learnedly on *Chaucer and the Mediaeval Sciences*[1] by one, *Curry*, which he bought of them latterly, which considers celestial physiognomy, geomancy, alchemy, and dreams, as interpreting anew the Canterbury Tales in very pleasant manner. He did remind us that *Salzman's English Life in the Middle Ages*,[2] and *The Legacy of the Middle Ages*[3] by *Crump & Jacob*, now out, doth give a marvellous background for any literary or other work of that time. These, he concluded, be beautiful books for making gifts: the amusing illustrations in the first and the perfect full-page half-tones in the other make them suitable for art-lover, student, minister, or man or woman of fashion. I resolved to buy these forthwith. Thus, after an hour with them, I took bus and went after my wife to her inn. Thence home, where I was troubled to see her forced to sit in the back of the bus, though pleased that her company was none but women and one parson. Elizabeth told me anon this man was engrossed in reading *John Woodforde's Diary of a Country Parson*[4] which, she said, was c the years 1758 to 1787, and she did envy hi chuckling over it—she did recently borro and read the work with great pleasure for it comes nearest my own diary of anything she hath yet read and enjoyed. So to supper, then to my musique papers, to prayers and bed.

—◈—

10th Up, and to my desk in my chamber where all morning making a catalogue of my books which did find me work but with great pleasure. Did examine my 18th century purchases. Whereupon my wife began reading aloud from *English Women in Life & Letters*[5] (by *Phillips & Tomkinson*), a very fine volume with hundreds of pictures, mainly about the last two centuries but also full of earlier stories and with many pages about my wife, our serving-wench Jane, and no little about my personal habits. My women, very eager, did read aloud foolishly, only reading here and there a bit and of themselves everything, whereas they ought to do it all, every word, for this be a very fine picture of ours and later times in England. . . . Had fritters for dinner. This day Mr. Roehrich sent my wife a pair of silver candle sticks. . . . Later finished reading *English Men and Manners in the 18th Century*,[6] by one *A. S. Turberville*, a most interesting book which discourses pleasantly on yesterday's troubles, customs, and scandals, with accounts of the blue stockings, the watering places, and men of the highway and the sea (which last especially interested me), of Whigs and Tories in Queen Anne's day, of artists, soldiers, admirals, divines, drama, and Grub Street. The book hath hundreds of rare illustrations. . . . In the evening went to the new playhouse where I saw a comedy by *Arthur Murphy* called *The Way to Keep Him*.[7] This was a good play, smacking of French models which are like this same author's farces. T'was well acted. So home, and to bed.

—◈—

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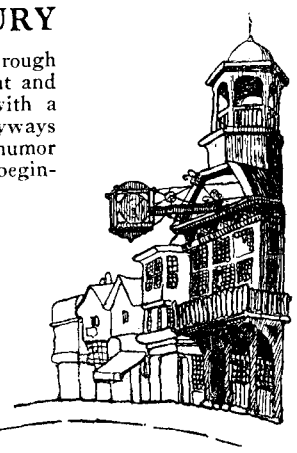

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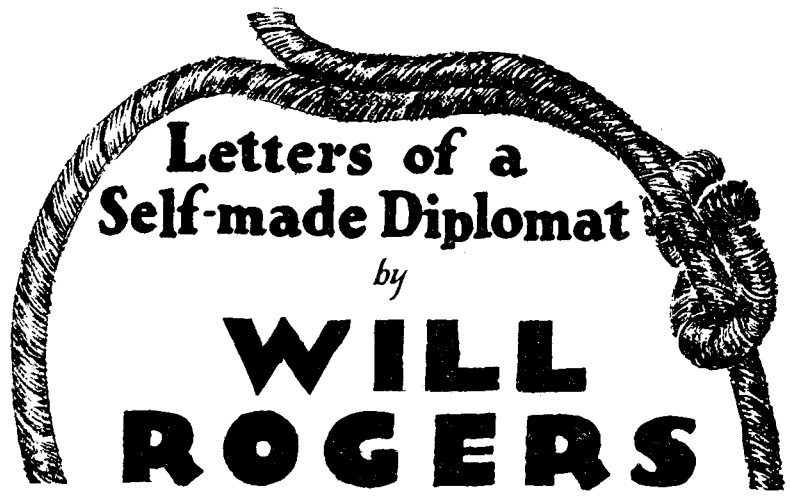

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

FAMOUS PRINTS, with an Introduction and Critical Notes. By FRANK W. WEITENKAMPF. Seventy plates in folio. Scribners. 1926.

It is hard to imagine a pleasanter induction to the love of prints or a mode profitable review for the connoisseur than this anthology affords. The reproductive process, usually collotype, and the ample scale give the very look of the originals. It would take many days and many miles to obtain an equal impression of the art of engraving. In short, with this book one has the quintessence of the great print collections on his shelf. Keeping the character of a select gallery, the text is limited to what may be called a long label for each print, occupying a page or less. Here are the technical references to standard catalogues, with a discreet hint of appreciation by the editor frequently reinforced by apposite quotation from other critics. The survey reaches from Schingauer to the present day. A chief merit of every anthology is that its inclusions, and even more its omissions, force a vigorous affirmation of the student's preference. Thus your reviewer feels that Buhot and Zorn are here in graphic company far too swift for them, while he misses an Italian chiaroscuro print and a Bewick. This book, as liberating the beginner from the misrepresentation of reduced scale and poor process reproduction, admirably fills a real need, and the taste of the edition both in selection and comment deserves high praise.

GEORGIAN DETAILS OF DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE. By F. R. YERBURY. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $10.

This is one of those books in which architects delight, since it gives them many clear and beautiful photographs of a subject which seems almost inexhaustible—the Georgian domestic architecture.

Those architects who are especially interested in American Georgian, or Colonial work will remember with what pleasure they saw for the first time some years ago "Small Houses of the Late Georgian Period," and "London Town Houses," because of the many new motives whose appropriateness to Georgian was made apparent through study of the illustrations.

This new book is of the same general character but the illustrations are larger and better printed, and their number is greater; it contains photographs of interiors and exteriors and the selection of subejcts has been not only excellent as regards their pictorial quality, but very skillful in its choice of subjects to provide source material from which a further extension of our modern domestic architecture may be developed.

It is a thoroughly interesting and valuable book.

ENGLISH MEDIÆVAL PAINTED GLASS. By *J. D. De Couteur.* Macmillan.

A METHOD FOR CREATIVE DESIGN. By *Adolfo Best-Maugard.* Knopf. $2.50 net.

GEORGIAN DETAILS OF DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE. Selected and photographed by *F. R. Yerbury.* Houghton Mifflin. $10.

PIETER BRUEGEL THE ELDER. By *Virgil Barker.* Arts Publishing Co.

Belles Lettres

A HISTORY OF PERSIAN LITERATURE IN MODERN TIMES (A.D. 1500-1924). By EDWARD G. BROWNE.

There is a kind of requiem note in these few paragraphs that call attention to "A History of Persian Literature in Modern Times (A.D. 1500-1924)" by the famous scholar, Professor Edward G. Browne, of Cambridge, England. The present writer was on his way to India and Persia, early in 1926, when he learned the sad news of the death of Browne, a friend for many years and one whose name will always be associated with the Land of the Shah because of his devotion to everything Persian.

It was not many months before his death that the noted Cambridge professor issued the above volume, the last of four monumental works dealing with the literary history of Persia from the earliest times to the present. This concluding one, a tome of over five hundred pages to match each that had gone before, has brought the subject down to date, and is a masterpiece like its predecessors. It possibly involved even more original research than the other three, because of collecting a mass of out-of-the-way material and rare documents and making these available in translation.

SOME GREAT ENGLISH NOVELS. By *Ores Williams.* Macmillan.

AMERICAN CRITICISM—1926. Edited *by William A. Drake.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

ODDLY ENOUGH. By *David McCord.* Cambridge: Washburn & Thomas. $2.50.

THE GOLDEN DAY. By *Lewis Mumford.* Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

HIMS ANCIENT AND MODERN. By *Jimmy Glover.* Doran. $3.50.

THE COPELAND READER. Chosen and edited by *Charles Townsend Copeland.* Scribners. $10.

AN ELEGANT HISTORY OF NEW YORK SOCIETY FOR YOUNG PERSONS OF QUALITY. By *Samuel H. Ordway, Jr.* Elegant History Publishing Co.

CHRISTMAS IN CHICAGO. By *Fanny Butcher.* Houghton Mifflin. 35 cents.

A HIND IN RCHMOND PARK. By *W. H. Hudson.* Dutton. $2.

SOME NEW LIGHT ON CHAUCER. By *John Matthews Manly.* Holt. $2.40.

Biography

YARNS FROM A WINDJAMMER. By MANNIN CRANE. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $4.

Now that sailors are dying out, and a person sometimes called a "seafarer," is riding around the ocean on steamboats and motor vessels, the remaining sea dogs of sail are gathering their reminiscences, and these books find publication. It is a good thing that this is so. Out of it will come much valuable data of a vanishing age.

Mr. Crane has been favored by a foreword from no less a sailor than Commodore Sir Bertram F. Hayes, formerly skipper of the *Majestic* of the White Star. He says

(*Continued on page* 458)

Note to Novel Readers

(*Continued from page* 454)

loudly practised on new instruments. No wonder that we feel the dissonance, the discrepancies, the diseases, even of sound. It is necessary to remember that the novels of today are in a great rehearsal, that this or that performance marks another break-down of the old orchestration and the coming of the new. These experiments must not be regarded as ultimates. Above all, we may not be heard asking to go back—always a ridiculous request, in a universe in which light travels in a circle, and nothing but darkness identically repeats itself.

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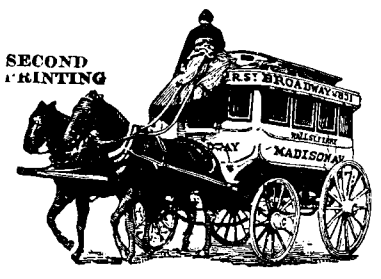

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The Reader's Guide

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

WEDLOCK. By *Jacob Wassermann.* (Boni & Liveright).

ENGLISH MEN AND MANNERS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By *A. S. Turberville.* (Oxford).

MAKING OF THE MODERN MIND. By *J. H. Randall, Jr.* (Houghton, Mifflin).

G. T. M., New Haven, Conn., asks for the titles of books covering the social history of America. "This request is too vast and too vague to be reasonable," says he, so he will welcome any suggestions.

IF I might choose my own part of this terrain, it would be the records of our middle distance, those "decade books" that have been gushing from the press of late. "Our Times," by Mark Sullivan (Scribner), for instance—what a Christmas present that would make for anyone over forty, though a man verging upon fifty will get the most out of it. "The Mauve Decade," by Thomas Beer (Knopf), while sitting in the seat of the scornful, gets an excellent view from this position into the works and minds of writers of the nineties. Richard le Gallienne's "The Romantic Nineties" is frankly colored by remembered youth; also it brings back but a small group, more English than American. But it was an important group at that; and it was an Englishman, Mr. Le Gallienne himself, who wrote the book that remains as a sort of manual of the romanticism of the period, "the Quest of the Golden Girl." Then there is "New York in the Elegant Eighties," by Henry Collins Brown (Valentine's Manual, Inc.), whose attraction begins with its jacket—there's a fashion-plate on it—and holds through the spirited volume. Close on its heels lurks "The Dreadful Decade" (Bobbs-Merrill), Don G. Seitz's searchlight on the seventies, all the more revelatory for its calm and straightforward moderation. That this could be the same period as our "Age of Innocence" only goes to show that we regard politics as the business of politicians and none of ours. "The Last Fifty Years in New York," by Henry Collins Brown (Valentine's Manual, Inc), is another of these repositories; you turn its pages as you would those of the family album—or as you would have done in the days when these were still accessible. Back of this there is Josiah Quincy's "Figures of the Past" (Little, Brown), a beautifully printed republication of a book of reminiscences that made some stir when it first appeared, forty-three years ago. Mr. Quincy was a "living witness" of our patriarchal days: he knew Lafayette, John Adams, Randolph of Roanoke, even Joseph Smith of Nauvoo.

"Steamboat Days," by Fred Erving Dayton (Stokes), came out last year and provided me with hours of browsing; there is something romantic about everything concerned with our old lines, sound or river. This year comes a new one, "Mississippi Steamboatin'" (Holt), the last work of Herbert Quick, brought to completion by Edward Quick. It is a flashing, smashing book, crowded with people that are every one alive and bouncing. Along with it appears "Old Towpaths," by Alvin F. Harlow (Appleton), the first illustrated volume to do justice to the American canal and canal-boats, with a bibliography of all literature of the subject. "The Book of American Ships," by Captain Orton Jackson and Colonel Frank Evans (Stokes), comes out in a new and enlarged version: this is illustrated at every point, whether of construction, types of craft, ship-yards, lighthouses, or dramas of the sea: it would be a good gift for a boy, though it is not exclusively a boys' book. I was asked not long ago for a volume that would keep an inland boy, who spends his vacations on the Atlantic coast, in sight of the sea during the winter: this would be just the thing.

"Early American Inns and Taverns," by Elise Lathrop (McBride), is the widest in range of any book of its sort, going from Maine to Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The Sesquicentennial brought out several books, "The Independence Square Neighborhood," published by the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Society of Philadelphia is a lovely little piece of bookmaking with pictures of old Philadelphia and some of the new: I think if anyone could show cause he would get one free, but I rather hesitate to turn a flood of requests that way, as it's a limited edition. "Christ Church, Philadelphia," is full of social history, and so is John T. Faris's new volume, "Old Churches and Meeting-houses in and Around Philadelphia" (Lippincott). Another Lippincott publication that would add distinction to this collection is "The Domestic Architecture of the Early American Republic: the Greek Revival," by Howard Major; this has 250 exquisite examples of the type introduced by Jefferson, a national style readily adapting itself to present-day use, though its greatest development was from 1830 to 1850. "Americana," by Milton Waldman (Holt), is a guide to early books, documents, and letters relating to this country in any way; it is a fine volume in itself, with many interesting reproductions, while for the collector its uses are at once apparent.

The student proceeding along the trail of our "bad men" finds it now strewn with documents. "The Saga of Billy the Kid," by Walter Noble Burns (Doubleday, Page), "Wild Bill Hickok," by Frank Wilstach (Doubleday, Page), "The Rise and Fall of Jesse James," by Robertus Love (Putnam), are being gobbled up by readers, and now comes a book that bunches them all and half a dozen more in one gory volume, "Trigger Fingers," by Owen P. White (Putnam). There is even a reprint of that callous production, "Sixty Years a Gambler on the Mississippi" (Holt), a human document if ever there was one, whether the old rascal is giving us the exact facts or not. The latest account of an outlaw's life comes from Jack Black in his autobiographic "You Can't Win" (Macmillan).

C. A. G., Mt. Pleasant., Mich., asks for the best reference work on Eugene O'Neill, to be used in preparing a club review.

For any purpose, an excellent study of his developing genius is to be found in the latest addition to a series of books on American authors published by McBride, "Eugene O'Neill," by Barrett Clark. It will be welcomed by drama study clubs.

M. S., Washington, D. C., asks if a life of Sister Juana de la Cruz has appeared in English or French or a translation of her famous poem "La Inconsecuencia de los Hombres."

JUANA Inés de Asbaje y Ramires de Cantillana, the "Musa Decima Mexicana," was born in 1651, learned to read at three, and at eight composed a *loa* to the Blessed Sacrament. As her parents would not permit her to carry out her plan to attend the University of Mexico dressed as a man, she had to do with twenty lessons in Latin—the rest she seems to have taught herself before her teens. Strikingly handsome, as one may see from her portrait by Cabrera in the National Museum at Mexico or the one by Andrews in the State Museum, Toledo, Spain, she was "tormented for her wit and pursued for her beauty" till at seventeen, she took the veil and became Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz. Her cell became her study; at one time she had gathered a library of 4,000 volumes. Her collected works include poems and plays: some, in the prevailing Gongorist manner, have faded with that vogue, but the colors of her lyrics and of her most famous poem, directed against foolish men who blame women for the very faults for which they are responsible, remain bright as ever, and a correspondent of the *World*, writing from Mexico on the eve of the recent unveiling of her tablet in San Miguel de Nepantia, says that every well-educated person in a Spanish-speaking country knows "The Inconsequence of Men" as we do "The Raven."

I have assembled these notes from several sources: there is a review of her work as a literary artist in Coester's "Literary History of Spanish America" (Macmillan)—an invaluable work for this subject—and in the *Revue Hispanique*, June, 1917, there is a biographical sketch of her. This magazine is published under the auspices of the Hispanic Society, Broadway and 157th street. I do not know of any translation of "La Inconsecuencia," nor does the Pan-American Union, which I consulted, but a translation of her poem "To Her Portrait" was published in the *Bulletin* of the Pan-American Union, September, 1925, while a portrait of her is in the same magazine for January, 1913. These issues may still be purchased from the office of the chief of the Pan-American Union, Washir D. C., for twenty-five cents each. should interest study-clubs.

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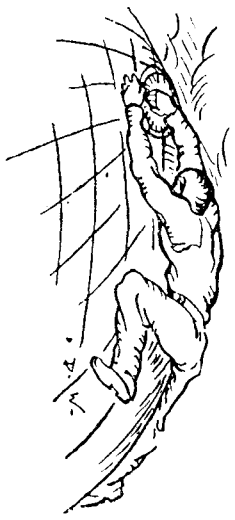

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Points of View

To War Revisionists

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Permit me to thank you for the announcement that the articles on the question of war guilt and alleged post-war diplomatic atrocities committed by the allied and associated powers are to be followed by others from more or less divergent points of view. The "great revision" is too often a great piece of special pleading on the part of vain and shallow persons who are quite incapable of weighing evidence. We must have the truth from minds and pens that in tellectually and morally equal to the difficult task you and others have undertaken.

May I not put a few concrete questions to the great or small revisionists for the sole purpose of saving time and space and getting down to real issues:

In the first place, I want to know whether the revisionists believe that Austria was justified in rejecting the Serbian note in reply to the ultimatum—a note which even the erratic German kaiser declared to be sufficient to deprive Austria of all excuse for attacking Serbia?

In the second place, I should like to know why, if Germany was obliged to back Austria to the limit, regardless of the latter's criminal folly, France was not under a like obligation to back Russia despite the latter's blunder in ordering mobilization prematurely. I am assuming, for the sake of the argument, that France did so back Russia, although Poincare vigorously denies that charge.

Thirdly, let the revisionists offer some proof in support of the assertion that Russian mobilization "meant war," and that Russia knew that and intended the consequence. *Since when has mobilization meant war?* There are instances of general mobilization without war as the inevitable sequel, and I recall that even Bernard Shaw—no pro-Ally fanatic—took the position that Russian mobilization did not justify Germany's double ultimatum, since she might have mobilized in turn, thus effectively warning Russia, and calmly awaited the next move. Why did Russian mobilization make the world war absolutely unavoidable? Was Germany thrown thereby into panic and utter demoralization? If so—*and that is very doubtful*, because Germany's intelligence department must have had knowledge of Russia's unpreparedness, corruption, and gross inefficiency—Germany was still the aggressor, the hysterical, demented aggressor, perhaps, but the aggressor *all the same*.

Grant that Russia wanted war—which remains to be demonstrated—and that France did not endeavor very earnestly to restrain Russia, because she was not at bottom afraid of war, did not Austria's frivolous and reckless statesmen, as well as Germany's arrogant and stupid junkers, court disaster by their characteristic blunders and their offensive and provocative tone and spirit?

I am prepared to revise my opinion concerning the responsibility for the war, but I demand facts and honest, reasonable interpretation of them, instead of the juggling, shuffling, distortion, assumption, and violent partisanship we are treated to by some of the self-styled historians.

VICTOR S. YARROS.

Chicago.

A Correction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

In my review of *Les Fleurs du Mal*, translated by Lewis Piaget Shanks (see *The Saturday Review* for November 13), the printer has made me write a paragraph which means nothing. My manuscript read as follows:

Nor does he betray him *metrically*, even though he does not exactly reflect his meters. Baudelaire, of course, used the Alexandrine for most of his poems, and Professor Shanks uses it not at all. But this is because he knows it would be a disservice to his poet to reflect the most flexible and musical of French meters by any except the most flexible and musical of English meters. He has represented Baudelaire's Alexandrines, in almost every instance, by our pentameter line in iambic movement.

F. B. LUQUIENO.

Erratum

The following paragraph was omitted by accident last week from Mr. Chase's review of Ernest Hemingway's new novel, "The Sun Also Rises":

In his choice of these details Hemingway shows an amazing penetration. Perhaps it is the tilt of a girl's head, or the harsh light of an acetylene flare, or the attitude of a man giving a tip. Whatever it is he sees it and without interpretation he sets it down, relying for his effect upon the perfect relation and balance of the details. Where Dreiser, for instance, has to spend pages upon a minute record of everything about a situation, for fear the essential quality of it will escape him, Hemingway writes with an economy and precision engendered by his supreme self-confidence and his unfailing knowledge of what is "right."

The New Books

Biography

(*Continued from page 456*)

of this book, "The old sailor men he writes about—Dan Crellin, for instance—are so true to life, in those days, that if I have not sailed with the actual individuals he mentions, I have at any rate been shipmates with their counterparts."

Commodore Hayes's feeling about this book is shared by the reviewer. It is a worthy addition to the growing library of the sea.

TIME EXPOSURES. By SEARCH-LIGHT. Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.50.

These anonymous portrait sketches seem even more penetrating, more extraordinary in their intimate knowledge, and their impersonal detachment, when gathered together in a single volume than when they appeared surrounded by the fickle superficiality of the *New Yorker*. Until that tantalizing great novel about New York is written "Time Exposures" may very well remain the standard work on "smart" New York, upon the New York of the casually, and sophisticatedly intellectual.

Search-Light, whether or not he is, as the publishers hint, a well-known author having the time of his life under a *nom de plume*, does seem to lay bare the very essence, the quality that is both the strength, and the weakness, of his subjects. No one, it would seem, but a close friend could write with such intimate penetration, but no friend, one hopes, would write with such calm indifference to the feelings of his subject. The sketches are more than facile, and brilliant caricatures; though the satire in them is often cruel, almost invariably they give evidence of a basic sympathy and understanding on the part of the author. It is an entertaining volume in which one acquires an embarrassing intimacy such contrasting people as Otto Kahn and Charlie Chaplin, Dreiser and Orage, Katherine Cornell and Alfred Stieglitz.

BUTTON GWINNETT. By *Charles Francis Jenkins*. Doubleday, Page.

HENRY CHAPLIN. By the Duchess of Londonderry. Macmillan.

VAGABONDS ALL. By *Edward Abbott Parry*. Sribners. $5.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES W. ELIOT. By *Edward H. Cotton*. Small, Maynard. $3 net.

THE LETTERS OF GEORGE ELIOT. Selected by *R. Brimley Johnson*. Diay.

ANATOLE FRANCE. By *Barry Cerf. MacVeagh*. Dial. $4.

PRINCE LUCIEN CAMPBELL. By *Joseph Schafer*. Eugene, Ore.: University Press.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON. By *Dorothy Burne Goebel*. Indianapolis, Indiana: Library and Historical Department.

MR. CHARLES, KING OF ENGLAND. By *John Drinkwater*. Doran. $5 net.

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ALL SUMMER IN A DAY. By *Sacheverell Sitwell*. Doran. $3.50 net.

MARIE OF RUMANIA. By *Mabel Potter Daggett*. Doran. $2.50 net.

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ISRAFEL: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. By *Hervey Allen*. 2 vols. $10.

Drama

SUCCESS. A Play in Three Acts. By A. A. MILNE. Putnam. 1926.

We first read this play a year or so ago in the original English edition; remarkable, we recall, for Mr. Milne's preface on the ethics of dramatic criticism. This preface is, unfortunately, not included in the American edition by Messrs. Putnam which is regrettable, for it was better than the play. "A few years ago" (ran a part of it) "I published a book of essays called 'Not That It Matters.' There were some reviewers who liked it less than others, but no reviewer went to the title for a cheap jeer. If I wrote a play called 'Not That It Matters,' a dozen dramatic critics would tell me joyfully that it certainly didn't matter as a paying proposition, and half a dozen would tell me . . . that it certainly didn't matter as a work of art." Reading the play then, we felt that probably the author had fared no worse than he deserved. We have since seen it uncut in amateur performance. It is quite as good as four or five of his least interesting plays. It is infinitely better than "The Lucky One," let us say; *but* considerably under "The Dover Road."

It is typical Milne, with a good deal of whimsy and sentiment thrown into the story of a Member of Parliament who tries to escape success that "closed in" on him and to recapture the life and love of his youth. As a piece of drama it is a rather obvious volume of which humor is the principal recommendation.

Juvenile

THE GAUNTLET OF DUNMORE. By HAWTHORNE DANIEL. Macmillan. 1926. $1.75.

This is a boy's book of the Hundred Years War, teeming with hairbreadth escapes, incredible archery, stern knights and crashing battle-axes, but we suspect that modern girls too will prefer it to the wishy-washy and characterless stuff proffered them by this machine age.

It is a theme dear to the heart of romantic youth—a stalwart and gentle boy, raised in secret by old Friar Ambrose and doughty Robin, the Archer, that he may avenge the foul trick which killed his father and cheated him of his rightful inheritance. Chapters hum with events, but never grow melodramatic; characters are simply but vividly felt; the style is vigorous; the pattern skilfully interwoven with medieval detail.

Artistically—and the book is worth so considering—it suffers from occasional lapses into author-to-reader reminders, such as, when Edward is quiting his monastery: "If you can imagine yourself suddenly moved from the quiet of a distant farm to the turmoil of a city, then you can imagine . . ." or such unnecessary text-book phrases as: "Thus did gunpowder do much to change the medieval to the modern world." These are a distinct detriment to a good tale, and we hope that in the next book of the series, Mr. Daniel will tell his story only through the eyes of his medieval characters.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

AMERICANA AT HEARTMAN'S

RARE Americana comprising autograph letters, documents, pamphlets, broadsides, books and other historical material relating mainly to the American Revolution, were sold by Charles F. Heartman, at Metuchen, N. J., on November 27. The star lot was an original orderly book belonging to Major General Robert Howe and kept at his headquarters while in command of the Southern Department in the American Revolution, dating from June 15, 1776, to July 14, 1778. It was written in ink on 185 pages oblong folio, contemporary calf, enclosed in a cloth slip case, and brought $1,475. Other important items and the prices realized were the following:

Allen (Ethan). D.S. 1 p., 4to, March 26, 1780, announcing that "the Green Mountain Boys are in Motion." $450.

Orderly Book. Manuscript orderly book kept at Col. William Douglas's Headquarters at New York City, from July 11, 1776, to October 31, 1776, containing orders issued from the commander-in-chief, brigade orders and regimental orders, and intelligence of the movements of the enemy read to the troops, written on 184 pp., small 4to, marbled boards, leather back. $850.

American Revolution. "Letters to the Right Hoonrable, the Earl of Hillsborough, from Governor Bernard, General Gage, and the Honorable His Majesty's Council for the Province of Massachusetts Bay," etc., small folio, half calf, Boston, 1769. These papers give a detailed account of the early disturbances in Massachusetts Bay just prior to the outbreak of the Revolution. $170.

Revolution. A collection of 36 autograph letters written by Colonel William Douglas from July 19, 1775, to December 5, 1776, folio, bound in boards with roan back. $605.

Broadside. An address of the Congress to the inhabitants of the United States of America, three years after the beginning of the Revolution, May 9, 1778. Hartford, Conn. This earnest address was framed by a committee of which Richard Henry Lee was chairman. $102.50.

Broadside. Poem on the final Conquest of Canada, printed in two volumes, comprising 110 lines, woodcut of battle scene at the head. New London, 1761. Written by Martha Webster of Lebanon, Conn., who was the wife of Oliver Webster. $120.

Garrick (David). A.L.S. 2 pp., 4to, no place or date. In regard to a farce that had been submitted for his opinion. $142.50.

Revolution. Proceedings of a general court martial convened at Fish-Kill, of the 25th day of October, 1780, by order of His Excellency General Washington, etc., 16 pp., 12mo, Hartford, Conn., 1780. Only one other copy the Brinley copy, is recorded as having been offered for sale. $182.50.

Revolution. Lieut.-Col. L. G. Simcoe's "Journal of Operations of the Queen's Rangers, from the end of the Year 1777 to the Conclusion of the Late American War," with folding plates, 4to, levant, Exeter, 1787. Rare first edition printed for private distribution only. $505.

SAWYER'S "WAY SKETCHES"

THE announcement comes from Edward Eberstadt, bookseller of this city, of the publication of "Way Sketches," by Lorenzo Sawyer, an early Chief Justice of the State of California. Sawyer's "Way Sketches" comes to us of this day as a lost voice of the plains. And yet it was a voice that sounded quite clearly throughout the Middle West three quarters of a century ago. Written in 1850, it told of the new El Dorado and the way thither; of the river and mountains; of the plains and the deserts; of the trails and the cut-offs; of hardship and disease; of famine, thirst and death. It told of the Indians, of buffalo hunts, and of frontier lore. In particular it told of the daily incidents of a trip across the plains. The Journal is one of two known contemporary accounts across the plains in 1850, and has long been a lost book in plain literature. Printed on an obscure village press—the *Family Visitor*, of Hudson, Ohio—issued irregularly and a few pages at a time during the fall of 1850 and the winter of 1850-51; distributed piece-meal to the waiting emigrants for whose guidance it had been prepared; read and re-read to pieces between issues, and finally, if preserved at all, worn to tatters by use on the trail. It was lost to view and forgotten until 1881 when the biography of Judge Sawyer was published by Phelps. This welcome reprint will be limited to 385 copies, 35 on Stratmore paper bound in half vellum.

SALE OF DESTOUCHES PAPERS

THE Destouches Papers, a collection of unpublished historical data pertaining to the years of 1780-81 of the American Revolution, formed by Admiral Charles Rene Dominique Gochet, Chevalier Destouches, comprising 116 lots, were sold *en bloc* at the American Art Galleries December 1, bringing $4,500. They were bought by the George D. Smith Bookshop. Chevalier Destouches was a prominent figure in the last years of the American Revolution. As commander of the Neptune he sailed from France with the fleet of Chevalier de Ternay, carrying General Rochambeau and a reinforcement of 6,000 troops in aid of the Colonists. Upon the death of de Ternay, in December 1780, he held the command of the French fleet until the arrival of de Barras. The letters and documents which form this collection are living records written at the moment. This collection so long held intact should be kept together, for it furnishes priceless material for the student and historian. Notably, the series of vigorous letters of the navigator La Perouse to his friend and general, very frankly expressing his opinions of their American allies. Especially valuable is the Journal of Chevalier de Ternay, ending within a few days of his death. There are also naval papers containing details of signals, maps, printed contemporary newssheets, and letters of Washington, Lafayette, Rochambeau, De Grasse, and many others.

NOTE AND COMMENT

AN important collection of Hebraica comprising unique Hebrew manuscripts by Maghrebian and Italian authors illuminated documents, important incunabula, many rare and unknown works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centures, together with parts of the Talmud printed by Bomberg at Venice, will be sold by Sotheby's in London, December 21.

❧ ❧

Grafton & Company of 51 Great Russell Street, London, have just issued Catalogue No. 56, devoted exclusively to books on printing and bibliography. It is a very unusual collection, listing more than 1,800 items. It is arranged under nine general classifications covering the whole range of a subject that is fast becoming of first importance in book collecting.

❧ ❧

The Wayside Press, established at Topsfield, Mass., by George Dow, will aim to publish limited editions of unusual books to be printed in accordance with the principles of modern fine typography. Its first issue is "Captain Lightfoot, the Last of the New England Highwaymen," which will be followed by a reprint of an excessively rare Indian captivity, and a volume on the "Arts and Crafts in Pre-Revolutionary New England."

❧ ❧

Mr. Archibald Flower, a former mayor of Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of Shakespeare, has come to America as the guest of the English Speaking Union, to arouse interest in the new Memorial Theatre, which will replace the playhouse recently destroyed by fire. It will require $500,000 to build the new theatre, of which about half has already been subscribed. His visit, however, is not to secure financial contributions, but to interest Americans in the Stratford Shakespeare productions and to encourage them to visit the historic town in which Shakespeare was born in 1565.

❧ ❧

The President of the "Conférence des Ambassadeurs," M. Jules Cambon, has published "Le Diplomate" (Hachette), in which, as one of the last representatives of old-school diplomacy, he studies the art of the diplomat as it has been understood by a long line of distinguished ambassadors, sketches the portraits of some of them, gives illustrative and interesting anecdotes. There is a good chapter on "Negotiation," and the author observes how often an ambassador's work, sometimes self-sacrificing, is not understood

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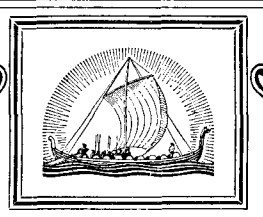

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WHEN *Irvin Cobb* was in Italy this summer he visited his daughter, *Mrs. Frank M. Chapman, Jr.*, in her pleasant villa not far from Rome. Mrs. Chapman let her father read the MS. of her first novel, "Falling Seeds," which Doubleday will bring out in the spring. "Curiously enough," says Mr. Cobb, "I like it." . . .

Early in January Knopf will publish a new book by *David Garnett*, "Go She Must,"—also "Little Pitchers" by *Isa Glenn*, "Dreads and Drolls" by *Arthur Machen*, two more detective stories by the indefatigable *J. S. Fletcher* and a new novel by young *E. Sackville West* who wrote "Piano Quintette." His new one is entitled "The Ruin." . . .

John Haynes Holmes has come out strongly in a letter to the publishers of *Samuel Hopkins Adams's* "Revelry" with "congratulations to Mr. Adams, and to you, the publishers, for a tremendous book." Mr. Adams himself has defended his treatment of the Harding regime in Washington with a public pronouncement. We haven't read "Revelry" yet, but it sounds as if anyone interested in our public affairs should do so. . . .

For the first time in seventy-seven years of the life of Harper's Magazine the names of the editors are published in the magazine. They are: *Thomas B. Wells*, editor; *Lee F. Hartman*, associate editor; *F. L. Allen*, assistant editor. Mr. Wells is only the fourth editor-in-chief that Harper's has ever had. The first, *Henry J. Raymond* later founded the *New York Times.* The second was *Alfred H. Guernesy*, and Mr. Wells was immediately preceded by *Henry Mills Alden.* . . .

Benjamin Silbermann, formerly of the Chicago Book Store has now opened a bookshop specializing in current literature and art publications at 111 East Chicago Avenue, Chicago. . . .

We apologize to Houghton Mifflin for an error. It is *Esther Forbes's mother* who is writing that book on Old New England Tombstones. It would be utterly impossible for a person of Miss Forbes's age to have spent "about twenty years in cemetarial investigation." . . .

In March Houghton, Mifflin bring out *Anne Douglas Sedgwick's* first novel since "The Little French Girl," of which they have sold more than a quarter of a million copies. The new work is entitled "The Old Countess." *John Livingston Lowes's* "The Road to Xanadu" is also scheduled for the spring, being a survey of the creative period of Coleridge's life in which the poet wrote "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan." The emphasis of the book is on the ways of the imagination in transmuting its bewildering materials into forms of beauty. . . .

Theodore Maynard's compilation of "Modern Catholic Verse" (Holt) is an excellent anthology of Catholic poetry. It is better than *Shane Leslie's* "An Anthology of Catholic Poets" (Macmillan). Mr. Maynard's acquaintance with Catholic poetry both old and new is astonishing. . . .

We always like to pilfer from *Edwin Valentine Mitchell's* excellent Book Notes. We learn therefore, through him, that *Scott Fitzgerald's* "The Great Gatsby" has been translated into French by *Victor Llona*, author of "Les Pirates du Whiskey." The title is "Gatsby-le-Magnifique." . . .

On the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the achievement of our national independence, the American Historical Association is seeking a million dollar endowment. Do you appreciate the importance of history in our national life? Historical papers, now in danger of destruction, must be gathered together and published, important correspondence rescued from possible fire and other perils, large research problems dealt with in an organized way, State and Federal archives brought under a systematic publication policy, and the search for new material prompted, a survey being made to discover the gaps left in present investigations. All this comprises a large undertaking. The American Historical Society, for forty years the clearing house for historical work in America, has only $50,000 in permanent funds. Yet it has performed great services for the Government and merits the sum it asks for, modest enough considering the work to be done. . . .

Old *John Mistletoe* writes that he is busy (in his cabin on Lake Capstick) finishing his novel "Be Jubilant My Feet." This is a novel in the most ultra modern manner, laid in a dance-hall in North Philadelphia, and all the action passes in the coarse (sic) of one evening. . . .

Two volumes that you ought to read, if you think you're civilized are those comprising "The Human Adventure," namely "The Conquest of Civilization" by *James Henry Breasted* and "The Ordeal of Civilization" by *James Harvey Robinson.* Old Jim Henry and old Jim Harvey have really produced a work that is food for serious thinkers. . . .

The season is saved. *Dorothy Parker* is back from abroad and her book of poems,—is it called "Enough Rope"? should be out soon if it isn't out by the time you read this. It's a swell book; and in our opinion Dorothy is one of the wittiest people who has ever tolerated our conversation. *Donald Ogden Stewart* and his wife are also back from abroad. And that evening *Bob Benchley* was in from Scarsdale. . . .

Beginning in January, Alfred A. Knopf will publish at the rate of a volume a month for twelve months the Novels and Tales of *Benjamin Disraeli.* This is the first complete set of Disraeli to be published in the United States, containing even some stories never reissued. To each volume there is an introduction by *Philip Guedalla.* . . .

One of the most interesting biographies on the Dodd, Mead fall list is *Evangeline Adams's* life story called "The Bowl of Heaven." We understand it contains references to a regular "Who's Who" of present-day celebrities who have hitched their wagons to Miss Adams's stars. Miss Adams, if you don't happen to know the fact, is a member of the famous old New England family and considers the finest thing the family has done since they raised two Presidents, was to defend astrology as a legally indorsed science by winning a suit in the New York courts. . . .

The "Sacharissa," of whom the poet *Waller* sang, was *Dorothy Sidney*, Countess of Sunderland, belle of the seventeenth century. *Julia Cartwright* (Mrs. Henry Ady) told the story of her life in "Sacharissa: "Some Account, etc." The Duttons have just printed a new edition of this book. . . .

The Democrats of Santa Fé County recently surprised *Witter Bynner* by nominating him for the State legislature. He was a delegate to the convention and had the experience of hearing all his good qualities set forth in a Spanish speech by a man he had never met. The Spanish-Americans gave him a rouse—and all is well, except for the fact that Santa Fé is an overwhelming Republican county. . . .

Witter Bynner's "Cake" (Knopf), is one of the cleverest fantastic plays of our time. Nobody in New York, so far, seems to have had the intellect to produce it. But it is devilishly clever. Just that. . . .

And never before in our experience on makeup night have we run short of copy for this column. It's a new experience for us—yet here we actually are with about twelve lines to fill.

So
we
shall
stall. . . .
Goodbye, my lover, goodbye!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD
1890—1923

She was Kathleen Beauchamp, and was born in Wellington, New Zealand.

Her first book, "In a German Pension," was published when she was twenty-one; it went into three printings, was out of print for fourteen years, and was reprinted only after the author's death.

Just before the war, she married J. Middleton Murry, editor of THE ADELPHI.

A series of reviews for THE ATHENÆUM, THE ENGLISH REVIEW, *etc., revealed her as a subtle and brilliant critic.*

In "Bliss and Other Stories" she became an exponent of sanity in art, achieving a superb balance between sentimentalism and realism.

Development and maturity marked "The Garden Party," her third collection of short stories.

She has said more in a tale of 2500 words than many authors in a complete novel.

She spent the last few years of her life under the shadow of approaching death, continuing to write with calm deliberation.

She died in France of consumption in 1923, having lived to perfect an exquisite and unusual prose form, which has often since been imitated but never rivaled.

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